The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VII.—NO. 19. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1871. WHOLE NO. 175.

The Poet's Corner.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

A FARM BALLAD.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out.
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you? I swan it's hard to tell;
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man,
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
So we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould make us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember, whereon we disagreed
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our creed.
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next thing that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and had'tany soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got;
But it gives us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say,
And down on us come the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service to help the thing along

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak.
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragaph—
Of all the farm and live stock, that she shall have her half.
For she has helped to earn it through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsy never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin tol'rable pay;
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause, there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such.
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsy was al'ays good to me, except with her tongue.

Once, when I was as young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey, and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen.
And I don't complain of Betsy, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night;
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples, I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we have quarreled here.

—A Saratoga belle, who dresses nineteen times a day, has gone into a decline. So has her father. He declines to pay his notes.

Our Special Contributors.

SPRING DRESSES.

BY AUNT NANCY.

Households have their regular epidemics, and things always seem more measley to me in the spring than at any other season. First, comes house cleaning; but I am not going to speak of that period of pains and penalties. Oh, no; my feelings won't allow me to describe the sloppy, damp, uncomfortable emotions we have so recently experienced.

I will draw a veil over the harrowing scene; and now that the house is sweet and fresh with bright carpets and clean, crisp window curtains, and an immaculate new coat of paint, will go on to speak of the second dispensation that presented itself in the form of Miss Midge, the dressmaker.

Mary does not employ Mme. Perrine, like some of her neighbors, who are not nearly so well able to indulge in the expensive luxury of Madame's perfect fits, and little scented bills, with figures ranging up among the hundreds. She takes Miss Midge in the house in old-fashioned style, very much as she would take a dose of blue pills or castor oil. She turns the screws on her courage, frequently beforehand, sighs often, and says, "Well, I suppose it's about time to have Miss Midge."

Miss Midge doesn't look a bit like a bundle of nitro-glycerine, done up in rusty, black alpaca, when she walk into the house in her own squeaky boots, and mounts to the third floor front, carrying a little, incendiary, black bag, filled with the newest patterns. Miss Midge dotes on style. Puffs, ruffles, quilling and piping make her world of art; a perfect glove-fit, without a wrinkle anywhere, as smooth and tight as if it were the skin itself, creates her ideal of loveliness. It is her devotion to her art which makes Miss Midge dangerous. A contracted breathing space, the torture of the ribs, the crooking of the spine, until it meanders over the back like the Merrimac river on the map of New England, are nothing to her when compared with the correct slope of the shoulders, the proper bulge of the bust, and the right ascension and declination of the side darts. Any of her ladies, who don't passively give themselves into Miss Midge's hands to be moulded, brought up, or squeezed down to the right shape, are visited with a disapprobation which she takes some pains to conceal, but which is none the less real. Like Moliere's doctor, she thinks any woman who respects herself ought gladly to die in the fashion rather than live healthy and happy out of it. The real ladies, according to Miss Midge's standard, are those who never shirk their duty from purely human weakness, or any sickness of the heart or failing of the flesh, when the hooks and eyes strain, and the stitches start, but stand up like Roman ma-

trons called upon to sacrifice themselves for their country's good; and besides, they must go the whole figure, and have every stitch of trimming that the law allows put on, and their trains of stand-alone silk, twelve dollars a yard, must kiss the dust, more generously than Mrs. Smith's or Mrs. Jones' over the way—even if their husbands are drudging like slaves down town to earn the money—in order to enjoy a sort of apotheosis in little Miss Midge's eyes.

Now, such is Miss Midge. I don't say there isn't a pathetic side to her life, nor that she is to be harshly judged, for falling down and worshipping the image her hands have made; but such is Miss Midge.

Mary doesn't wear twelve dollar stand-alone silks. The extra money over and above the price of the silks she does wear, flows, I suspect, into the channels of some quiet and unobtrusive charities. However, there is no lack of "braw" clothes in Mary's closet, and Grace has as many suits in a single year as would have served an old-fashioned girl three.

One bright April morning, the results of the spring shopping were all displayed, with Miss Midge for presiding genius. There was a dainty black and white silk and a pearly gray and goat's hair cloth, with the sheen of satin, and a cool green percale for Grace, and crisp organdies with violets and rose-buds capering over them in the most bewitching manner. Grace had her dress off to be measured, with her white dimpled shoulders showing.

"Haven't you put Miss Grace into corsets yet?" inquired Midge in a surprised and grieved tone of voice.

"No," said Mary, "I don't know that I shall ever put her in corsets."

"Well, then, she'll never be any shape, and you can't expect me to make her dresses fit as they should when you object to padding."

"I do decidedly," replied Mary, who was accustomed to this sort of sparring with Miss Midge, in which I am sorry to say the energetic little needle-woman sometimes came off victor. "I am perfectly satisfied with the form God has given a woman, and I shall take pains to develop Grace's waist so that it will bear some relation to her chest; and as for filling her bosom with cotton bats or wire coils, it never shall be done so long as she is under my control."

"All the young ladies I sew for pads," returned Miss Midge, as she went snipping into the pretty goatshair." There's the Miss Orkneys, mere little chits of schoolgirls, and just as flat as pancakes. I have to use a sight of cotton, but they're never satisfied if they don't have elegant shapes."

"O, I couldn't breathe in Mary Orkney's clothes," said Grace. "She was with us in the country at Milford last summer, but she could never run, or romp, or row on the river, or have a bit of fun, because she was troubled with a pain in her side, and I knew it was nothing but her tight corsets."

"Dear," replied Miss Midge; "mebbe the Miss Orkneys does lace" (lacing with a dressmaker means tying the corset string to the bedpost, and drawing it up to the last hole); "it beats all, how some of those young things will go on without ever letting their ma's know a word about it; but then, Miss Grace, you needn't let your dress hang like a bag."

"I don't care how it hangs, if I am only comfortable," said Grace, gaily. She had not advanced so far in young ladyhood as to sacrifice all sense of feeling to looks."

"You are just as bad as your ma," said Miss Midge, heaving a sigh, as if such an exhibition of insensibility on the part of a young thing like Grace was particularly lacerating to her feelings.

Mary, meantime, was unfolding the shiny roll of black and white silk, and letting it drop in coils upon the carpet.

"I shall have this suit made short enough to clear the ground," she remarked in a deliberate tone, as if to forestall any suggestion the little dressmaker might have in her mind ready to offer.

"Don't say that," wheedled Miss Midge, suspending the operation of her scissors; "it should just dip, you know, behind a couple of inches, to be stylish. Mrs. General Epilette had one exactly the same, only it might have been a trifle heavier made up last week. It had such a sight of velvet trimming, and trained just four inches. Mrs. Epilette has to be squeezed in awful. She isn't anything like so fine a figure of a woman as you are, if you'd only make the most of yourself and let me have my way, but she did look like a dowagess in that suit."

Whether Miss Midge meant dowager or duchess, it is difficult to say. Long and old acquaintance made her somewhat free of speech.

"I shall never look like a dowagess," said Mary, laughing, "if that distinction is attained by a filthy trailing skirt for street wear; and moreover, Miss Midge, mark my word, this dress is to be plainly trimmed, nothing but folds on the overskirt, or a little piping.

"Oh, that would be too old for you," broke in Miss Midge, her ruling passion in full ferment. "Excuse me for saying so, but it does seem a pity that a handsome lady like you should appear older than there's any need. Just let me show you the last plate here in my bag. There's an overskirt that's a perfect love, two double box plaitings, a bias band, and reversed ruffles. There's a little teenty-tonty pannier at the back—just fullness enough to make it look *distinguee*." (Miss Midge's French was a little shaky, be it remarked.)

Mary interrupted her volubility in a very decided tone. "No," said she, "I've set my foot down against panniers. I have never worn one, and I never will. Nothing that detracts from my self-respect as a woman shall ever become a part of my apparel."

Just at this point of the struggle, I went down stairs to attend to a caller, but I felt pretty sure of the results. At the end of half an hour Mary met me with defeated expression of countenance. Her own simple and elegant taste had gone by the board as I knew it would.

"Oh," cried she, "Miss Midge is such a trial and such a tongue as she has. I had to give in and compromise, and let her trim with ruffles for the sake of peace, although I know I should like the plain dress twice as well."

When Bob came in towards night, and got his feet tangled up in Miss Midge's sewing silk and piping cord, he voted the little dressmaker a nuisance that ought to be bated. He says she isn't young and good-looking enough to please him. The young puppy! to be talking in that way when only yesterday, as it seems, he was flying his kite and playing pitch-penny. I, for my part, know Miss Midge's value. I could write a touching little story of her hard and thankless life, with just one outlet for her hungry nature in the furbelowing of dresses; but I still feel that cultivated, intelligent women like Mary ought, on principles of true taste and beauty, to dictate the fashions to the Miss Midges of the world, rather than have the Miss Midges dictate to them.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND "THE NATION."

BY MRS. GOODRICH WILLARD.

As the editor of *The Nation* has at last come out and treated the woman question and its advocates in a more respectful manner, we will discuss his views as if he were a gentleman, and not a blackguard or a gander. If he will stop calling names, we will. We are glad that our plan of "treating a fool according to his folly" has worked so well, and made him ashamed of the folly. It is sometimes necessary to do this, because it is the only course that will succeed; nevertheless, we deplore the necessity. It is not to our taste.

The article of *The Nation* is headed, "Sex in Politics." The editor says:

"Owing to the interest excited by the condition of the city and State of New York, and the condition of the South, and by the condition of France, all of these countries being governed by a numerical majority, and all badly governed, the foundations on which democratic governments rest are receiving a more serious and thoughtful examination than they have ever received before. * * * Hitherto democracy has been discussed in very much the frame of mind in which men speculated on the form and habits of dragons or the scenery of Hesperides. * * * Now, however, we have at last got the thing itself under our very eyes, and the debate has assumed a gravity and even a solemnity it has never before had."

The astute editor of *The Nation* ought to know that the world has never yet seen a true democratic government, but only approaches toward it. The present government of this country, north and south, is nothing more nor less than the very worst form of a masculine oligarchy; and then to think of the absurdity and injustice of calling France a democracy—poor France, in a state of perfect anarchy brought upon her by monarchial misrule and injustice.

It is very evident that *The Nation* is endeavoring, by sly insinuations, to cast obliquy and distrust upon a democratic or republican form of government. If *The Nation*, and others like him, shall attempt to foist a monarchy upon this people, they will have a hot time of it.

Considering the distracted state of the country, *The Nation* asks "whether this is just the time to add one more to the sources of distraction—and distraction here means confusion—by bringing the influence of sex into play in the political arena."

As, he says, "under monarchy, life is stormy and full of trouble, and under democracy (as it is), life is stormy and full of trouble, too;" and as woman has seldom exercised any responsible influence or control, or held any responsible position in this stormy and troublous condition of the governments of the world, we should say that *it is just the time*, and *high* time, that we introduce a new element into politics, and see if we cannot have a new condition of things—see if we cannot have peace, more especially as when-

ever and wherever woman *has* held a responsible position in governments as reigning queen, peace and prosperity have prevailed in an unwonted degree. Policy would dictate this course, to say nothing of the *right* of woman to a voice in the laws that govern her; and here we wish to assure the editor of *The Nation* that it is always safe to follow the lead of justice.

Furthermore, *The Nation* says:

"We confess for ourselves, that there is nothing which has inspired us with as much distrust of the (woman) movement as the persistence with which its promoters ignore the influence of the sexual passion on nearly every field of human activity. No people can safely heed the political counsels of persons who take no note of this most tremendous of all the social forces. Let us go back ever so far into the night of ages, and we find it there, shaping nearly every one of the problems by which the race has been vexed. * * * It has had to do with the building up and the downfall of great empires, and with the fighting of great battles. It has been the source in all ages of the greatest virtues and the foulest vices. In fact, if history, as well as individual experience, teaches us anything clearly, it is that no system of society or government, which does not take note of its tremendous energy, can hope for a long or prosperous existence. No man can tell what would be the effect on such persons as now compose our legislatures of the accession of a body of the kind of women who, *in all probability*, would devote themselves to the work of politics as soon as the first excitement and novelty was over. They might be Motts, Howes and Livermores; but reasoning from experience, the great mass of them would be—but we will not mention names; and we should then have added to the corruption of money, which is bad enough, a deeper and darker corruption still. * * * In other words, legislators might do what legislators have done a thousand times before—make asses of themselves under the influence of what are called female charms, but which, for the purposes of this discussion, we shall call by its proper name, the sexual passion."

We reply that no people can safely heed the counsels, or obey the laws of legislators who are swayed and controlled by "sexual passion" and "female charms," in making the laws and shaping the institutions that are to govern the people. If history teaches us anything clearly, it is that no system of government that is influenced and controlled by the "tremendous energy of the sexual passion" can hope for anything but speedy dissolution and national ruin through debauchery and crime.

We should like to know what there is under a monarchy, or under our present style of democracy, to check or counteract the influence of sexual passion in government. It seems to us that it has full play and full sway now in the political arena. Could it be made any worse by giving woman a responsible, honorable position in the government? On the contrary, would it not be likely to be much better? Irresponsible power is generally bad. Nothing but the responsible power of true and good women can ever check and counteract the influence of sexual passion and female charms in our legislative halls.

We do not propose to send "young persons," or "curls and bright eyes," and other "female charms," to Congress or to our State Assemblies. They go there now as an irresponsible power to influence legislation for their own selfish purposes; but we do not believe that the common sense people, the plain men and women of this nation, would be foolish enough to send them there as their representatives.

The law says that no person under twenty-five years of age can be a Representative to Congress; no person under thirty a Senator. This is too young. We believe in the old maxim, "Old men (and women) for counsel; young men for war." Fifty is the mental age—the age of mental maturity and wisdom. We must have a law that no person under the age of forty shall be permitted to assume the responsibility of making laws for other people to obey; fifty would be still better. Young men and women should not be sent to make laws for their fathers and mothers. Stalwart young men ought to be ashamed to crawl into the "feathered nests" of state to make laws and draw their living from the public pap, to say nothing of their unfitness through inexperience and lack of wisdom.

We do not propose to take the tremendous power of sexual passion into account in legislation, because it is not needed in legislation. On the contrary, we do propose to expel it; and we could expel it, if responsible men and women, fathers and mothers of from fifty to sixty years, or say from forty to seventy, were sent to make our laws. The world has been governed long enough by passion and folly. We do not ignore the influence of sexual passion and female charms in their proper place in the ordinary spheres of human life and activity; but we do mean to ignore it in what should be the serious, calm, deliberate, dispassionate halls of legislation. If sensible women—women old enough to have grown up children—were sent to Congress they would not allow its deliberations to be controlled by sexual passion and female charms, and this is the only course that will ever give us dispassionate and wise legislation.

We are not among those who believe in the identity or sameness of men and women. We believe that the mental and moral character of the sexes is as dissimilar as their physical. Consequently, we do not believe that men and women will ever, to any great extent, occupy the same positions or perform the same labor. As the mother takes care of the family, so we believe that the mothers of society must and will take care of society. We believe in marriage and the family, because we do not believe in prostitution or the promiscuous relation of the sexes, and because we do believe in giving children a good moral as well as physical and mental training.

The woman's movement has acted upon the necessity that has been forced upon so many women to earn their living like men; but we believe that this is a false or temporary condition, incidental to her transition state from legal slavery to political freedom and independence.

The true issue of the woman's movement has never yet been clearly brought before the public, and this is the reason why many good men, and perhaps the majority of women, have not been in favor of it. When the right time comes, the way will be opened to make known the true issues of this movement.

WOMEN IN THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

A correspondent of the *Advertiser* has this to say about women in the London Board:

A visit to the Guildhall, a day or two ago, to hear the discussion of the London School Board, has convinced me that no school board can be complete without a lady. They are like the oil on the salad, and I do not believe the London Board would be without their graces for the fee simple of the Royal Exchange. They usually sit at the upper end of the room, at the Chairman's table, but on Wednesday, when I happened to be there, Miss Garratt came in late and took her seat at the lower end of the room. She looked as fresh and bright and cheerful as a bride ought to look—you know she was married next day—but there is a business like air about her, and you can see at a glance that she is "all there." She did not speak, but took great interest in the discussion on compulsory education, "hear hearing" the sentiments that she approved in a quite musical voice with the rest. When Huxley rose, with two or three others, to challenge the Chairman's eye, and several voices call out "Huxley," you could distinguish Miss Garrett's very distinctly, and when Huxley crossed the room to consult his friend about his amendment, she shook hands with him very warmly, and entered into his scheme as heartily as any of the pantaloooned ogres around her. And all this when in the usual way her heart ought to have been in her trouseau.

MARTYRS FOR WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The first martyr to the cause of woman's rights is Bas Bahadoor Moroba Canoba, a Hindoo gentleman of Bombay, Judge of the Small Cause Court, and distinguished among his people as a social reformer. Not so many months ago the whole world knew of him as a progressive man. A Brahmin of the sacred caste, he deliberately excommunicated himself by advocating the right of girls to an education, and of widows to marry again. He not only preached this doctrine, but practiced it; for, being a widower with children, he took to himself a wife from among the widows. The woman whom he induced to participate in this breach of the ancient laws of Brahminism was only twenty-five years of age, while he was over fifty; but from all accounts, their domestic bliss was complete, and in due time Bhooleebaee, the wife, presented her husband with a boy, named Hurry-bhao. Of course, the whole family were declared outcasts, although the father and husband occupied one of the highest official positions allowed a native; and not only this, but his persecutors induced his children by his first marriage to bring suits of a most unnatuaal and vexatious kind against their erring father. The couple endured social indignities and public persecution for some time, until at last life became too cruel to them; and one morning those who came to draw water at the broad-mouthed well in Moroba's garden, found his scarlet turban on the parapet. The bodies of husband and wife were found below, clasped in an embrace, and bound tightly together with the long neckcloth of the Judge. They had folded their bedclothes neatly, put off their slippers, and taken the plunge together, driven to suicide for practical devotion to woman's rights. The bodies were burned like pariahs, without the sacred butter or the fire from the temple; but ought they not to be canonized?

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America.
Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.
Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.
Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.
Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

Notes About Women.

—The "Pacific mails"—Quiet husbands.

—Rosa Bonheur's "Highland Sheep" sold for $5,500, in this city, lately.

—"Hesperia" is a poem by Cora L. V. Tappan, and is dedicated to the "Future Republic."

—Queen Elizabeth always displayed her worst temper in her best clothes—she was dreadfully ruffled then.

—Maxim for women of fashion:—Never bring a husband to an evening party. There is nothing so much in the way.

—Maxim for men of fashion—Always take your wives when you go out of an evening. There is nothing that would so much improve your morals.

—Chicago women are said to wear all the hair styles at once on their head, and it takes half a hundred hairpins to support the structure.

—Two American ladies, accompanied by a near male relative, recently made the overland trip by sledges from the Okhotsh sea across Siberia to St. Petersburg, a distance of 700 miles.

—Thackeray's daughter, who still writes under her maiden name, is the wife of Mr. Leslie Stephens, formerly President of the Alpine Club, and the present editor of the Cornhill Magazine.

—A good start.—The Cadiz (Ohio) *Republican* prints the following birth notice: "On Monday morning, April 17th, to W. B. and Jennie C. Heam, a daughter. Shall vote when she is twenty-one."

—Mrs. Anna T. Randall, of Buffalo, the well-known lady elocutionist, was recently married in this city to Hon. Israel S. Diehl, ex-U. S. Consul to Java. The bridal party will sail for Europe on the 3rd of June,

—An old Connecticut lady who was very much troubled by the prospect of the introduction of gas in her village, and the consequent disuse of whale oil, asked with much earnestness: "What is to become of the poor whales!"

—According to European medical statistics, the disuse of stays has diminished the annual mortality among females eighteen per cent., and since the introduction of chignons, brain fevers have increased seventy-two and three-quarter per cent.

—A Texas newspaper writer, not at all inclined to be complimentary, says there are only two live female poets in New Orleans. If there are even two filled with the divine afflatus, we must pronounce that city more than usually lucky.

—Among the names of persons announced to speak next Thursday and Friday, at Apollo Hall, are the following: Miss. Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Josephine S. Griffin, Miss Minnie E. Swazey, Rev. Olympia Brown, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull and Mrs. Isabella Hooker.

—The Xenia (Ohio) *Torchlight* states that some twenty ladies attempted to vote at Yellow Springs poll, but the judges of election declined to receive their ballots. The judges are to be prosecuted by the ladies, who are represented as belonging to the first circles.

—Mrs. Mackenzie, wife of the well-known author, R. Shelton Mackenzie, has written a novel called, "Married against Reason," which is well spoken of.

—A St. Louis paper announces the pleasant fact that "Miss Phœbe Cozzens, who has gained considerable reputation as a lecturer on woman suffrage and kindred subjects, graduated yesterday as Bachelor of Laws, in the law school of Washington University, at St. Louis."

—A woman, with a child, entered a photograph gallery the other day, and previous to placing it for a picture, the woman subjected the young one to a vigorous spanking. The artist interfered, when he was informed by the woman that she was only trying to get up a fine color in the child's face in order that it might be represented in the picture with blooming cheeks.

—A great deal has been said against wasting time and money on the musical education of girls, not endowed with special genius in that direction. While we do not believe in obliging girls to drum hours a day on the piano, until the exercise becomes odious, still if there is a fair ability let it be moderately cultivated, to add to the family the sweetest of all enjoyments home music.

—Mr. Glaisher, an aeronaut, has discovered that a woman's voice is audible at a height of two miles, while a man's voice has never been heard higher than a mile. The *Index* thinks it is inconsistent in doctors of old-fashioned divinity to oppose the admission of women into the ministry; for if the female voice is heard twice as high as the male voice, on their own theories, they have every reason to admit them.

—Steele wrote one thing which the men of the present day would do well to lay to heart. He said:

"If unfaithful, yet zealous husbands, would give themselves leave to think they would not be so unreasonable as to expect debauchery and innocence could live in commerce together; or hope that flesh and blood is capable of so strict an allegiance as that a fine woman must go on to improve herself till she is as good and impassive as an angel, only to preserve a fidelity to a brute and a satyr."

—A Catholic paper, of this city, says that "it has no faith in Protestant Magdalen Asylums, for Protestants cannot mingle with the vicious without either crushing them by their pharisaical self-righteousness, or being themselves contaminated." We fear there is considerable truth in this, but the plan which our contemporary suggests of gathering all abandoned women into convents of the Good Shepherd, does not strike us as a better remedy. That kind of virtue which is fostered by conventual seclusion is worth very little.

—A little four page paper, the *Magnolia*, comes to us from New Orleans, with the information written upon the margin that the editor and proprietor is the only lady editor in Louisiana. The little sheet has reached the age of number two, and being called upon for a definition of her policy, the editor frankly states that she is an odd whimsical person, that she intends to write just what suits her, and that she has found it impossible to conform to the conventionalities of civilized life. There is a piquant sauce of individualism about the *Magnolia* that renders it amusing to say the least.

—Mrs. Partington will mount the rostrum next season, to deliver "a lecture without a subject."

—The *National Standard* has the following relative to Miss Phelps' letter, which recently appeared in the *Woman's Journal:*

"In the name of the Lord" Miss Phelps appeals to the friends of woman's enfranchisement to keep peace with the church. It would be more pertinent for her to appeal to that church to raise its voice against the continued subordination of woman, to welcome her everywhere to the pulpit and to an equally responsible participation in the affairs of both Church and State.

—The rage for foreign counts, real or simulated, still continues. We learn that a beautiful and wealthy young lady, the neice of a professor in one of our colleges, was about to espouse one of these gentlemen with a polysyllabic name, when it was discovered that he is a gambler—a swindler, and a regular tenant of French and English prisons. The young woman, with the most heroic devotion, however, declares that she will marry him if it is under the gallows. We have a fine assortment of criminals on hand just now, but true to the American instinct, young belles of this stripe always prefer the foreign article.

—A friend furnishes the following interesting fact in regard to Miss Wilson, the woman citizen voter of Battle Creek, Michigan: "She employed a lawyer to go with her before the Board of Registers, and had her name registered. On the day of election she offered her vote, and after discussing the matter, the Board decided, two to one, to accept her ballot. Mary is a maiden lady—is neither comely or beautiful, and therefore her womanly charms couldn't have had much, if any influence, in the conclusion the board came to. Miss Wilson is a tax-payer, and I presume you will hear more about women voting at our next election."

—Mrs. Laura Parsons has sued the City of Cleveland, Ohio, for $133.33, this being one-third of the money collected in fines imposed upon gamblers against whom she had given information. Late one night last October she informed the police of the city that her husband was then at a certain gambling house, and that he had lost $1,400 there within ten days. The police made a descent the next night and arrested all present, and the city authorities now dispute her claim, on the ground that the police were aware of the existence of this gambling house, and that they could have made all the arrests at any time, without any information from her. If this assertion be true, the city authorities of Cleveland stand condemmed out of their own mouths.

—Philadelphia, just now, is boasting about its various educational institutions for the benefit of women, but at the same time we learn that the School of Design for Women is in danger of giving up the ghost, for lack of funds. This is a pity, for the school was founded on the right basis, viz.: "to teach young women who desire a means of livelihood, practical and applied art, such as making designs for wall papers, carpets, oil cloths, window shades, calicoes, etc." How far the plan has been carried out we do not know. The feebleness of our own female school of art, is due mainly to ambitious efforts to create artists out of unartistic materials, rather than a persevering and judicious effort for the instruction of artisans, for which the materials were abundant.

—The metallic heels which young ladies affect are injurious to the feet, and disagreeable and most unladylike in sound.

—A careful observer, with nautical proclivities, has discovered that the movement of a pannier while a lady is walking, is like a half-reefed topsail swaying in a gale of wind.

—Mrs. Malaprop says she does not understand what they mean by "The Dead March in Saul." She is not aware that the dead march anywhere, or under any circumstances.

—Dr. Susan Edson, a young lady physician of Washington, is spoken of in high terms. Her skill and success in treating difficult diseases is said to be remarkable, and we are glad to know that she has secured a very large practice.

—Ohio women still continue to make the publicans and sinners of their districts smart for the illegal sale of rum. Mrs. Sarah C. Woods of Millersburg, Holmes Co., recently recovered $800 from six liquor dealers for supplying her husband with the means of intoxication.

—Greenville, Michigan, has established anti-chignon socials for the purpose of increasing the funds of the church. The absence of that piece of head gear is a condition of membership, and a fine of $100 is imposed on any one who appears with the obnoxious thing attached to her bump of philoprogenitiveness.

—Laura C. Holloway's new book, "HOMES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS," will be out in the early fall. It is to be handsomely illustrated with engravings of the "homes" of the most celebrated American artists, authors, statesmen, &c., and promises to be an exceedingly interesting volume. It is in the hands of her former publishers.

—Gail Hamilton speaks a good word for gossip. She says: "You do not in the least care how many handkerchiefs your neighbor has; but if it gratifies her to know how many you have, let her count them on the line if she likes. And if she thinks there are more than an economical person ought to have, and expresses her opinion in the vicinity, what harm is done?"

—Mrs. Griffing writes us from Washington the glad news that public interest is greatly on the increase, and the call for tracts and Congressional arguments from all parts of the country truly wonderful. Petitions are coming in fast, and the names of women wishing to vote *now* fall about the excellent Secretary as thick as snow flakes in December; but, like Oliver, she perpetually cries for more.

—The Brooklyn Business Woman's Union is a hotel or home for business women, and at the same time a bureau of intelligence, where the statistics of all the charitable institutions of Brooklyn will be kept, and all business information pertaining to women given and received. It is situated at No. 80 Willoughby street, and is under the superintendence of a competent matron. The officers are Mrs. S. M. Parsons, Miss Kate Hillard, Miss Mary H. Holly, Miss Sarah M. Glover, Mrs. Anna C. Field, and a Board of Advisers, consisting of Rev. A. P. Putnam and Messrs. Joseph Willits, Jeremiah Curtis, Horace B. Claflin and Moses S. Beach. The institution is non-sectarian in character, and on a plan that cannot fail to effect much good.

—Mrs. Lucretia Mott, who is drawing nigh eighty, has lately formed the determination to make with her own hands, and to present to each of her children, a rag carpet. As a protest against the too prevalent gray of the Quaker style of ornamentation, Mrs. Mott is making these carpets of bright rags. She entertains a a good deal of company, to whom she talks with her accustomed wisdom and vivacity—all the while sewing her rags into the weaver's balls, her busy fingers keeping pace with her fluent tongue.

—The Rev. Mr. Potter made the following excellent remarks at a Woman Suffrage Convention recently held at Taunton, Mass:

"The Quakers have always taken an advanced position in relation to woman. We want sex in government; we want to bring the feminine element into political affairs. The grandest results will not be represented in any form of society until this element is recognized. Churches could not exist without the women, and yet when society matters are acted upon woman are not, as a rule, expected to attend or to vote. He recited the difficulties in the way of women voting in his owh parish, and the inertia and apathy too many women show on the subject of voting at parish meetings. We are still in bondage to that old idea that woman is man's slave. It is innate in the blood that man should feel his superiorty to woman. To illustrate this, he brought up the case of his own two children, who were riding out with him one day. The The little girl, aged about seven years, cried 'Whoa.' 'Stop, you have no right to say Whoa; it belongs to me; I am almost a man, you are only a part of a woman.'"

—The Union Woman Suffrage Association met last Friday, as usual, at 31 Union Square, and the following invitation was drafted by Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Davis, who were present:

To the inquiries of numerous friends in regard to the Convention to be held on the 11th and 12th insts., in Apollo Hall, we cordially invite all the organizations merged in the Union Suffrage Association to be there either *en masse* or by delegation. Officers are to be elected for the ensuing year from the these consolidated organizations; a central committee, appointed or chosen to supersede the self-constituted one which has been doing broad national work for the last four months; also, to have that work reported and ratified by the National Society, which has held itself in abeyance for one year, but proposes now to take up the work, and without fear or compromise, push forward all the educational and social questions which have any bearing upon this movement.

MRS. E. C. STANTON,
PAULINE W. DAVIS.

—The Chicago *Times* prints a letter from an indignant lady compositor, which shows up the meanness and tyranny practiced by the Typographical Union of that city, towards women printers. It appears that the girls can join the Union if they choose to pay their money; but not a man in the organization will work in the same office with them. A petty warfare, it seems, has been waged upon the women until they have learned to keep out of the Union, and become "rat," or independent printers. The proprietors of an evening journal, *The Mail*, recently employed some of them to do the work upon their paper, but not a man could be hired to do the press-work, and after the proprietors had broken their press in trying to work it themselves, and suffered a good deal from persecution, they were obliged, reluctantly, to discharge the girls and take on male hands from the Union. Let women compositors have but a fair chance, and their steadiness and aptitude will place them ahead of the male printers. The growing consciousness of this truth seems to be the principal cause of the persecution in Chicago, and it may, therefore, be taken as an encouraging sign.

—Mrs. H. C. Spencer, author of the "Problems," and one of the ladies who tried recently to vote in Washington, has written a most amusing letter to the *Chronicle*, detailing her experiences. Among other things, she says:

"We went to the polls on election day, and the great crowd parted before the officers' wands like the waves of the obedient sea in olden time, when Moses lifted up the rod; and we went safely and quietly up to the window, offered our votes, as we intended, and were refused, as we anticipated, and if anybody was hurt we haven't heard of it. True, a few small boys followed us, and one very small boy, indeed, ran before us and opened his little mouth to say something, when to his astonishment, down came a blue-sleeved arm and shut that little mouth, and moved that little boy so quickly that I am afraid he didn't find himself again until the election was over."

—Miss Anthony is home again in Rochester, enjoying herself "hugely" with dressmaker, milliner, and shoemaker, busy repairing the damages of the winter campaign, and getting the "fixings" ready for the May meeting. Her play spell will be all too short, for she is booked for Brookville, Pa., June 2nd, Sioux City, Iowa, June 15th, and Cherokee, Iowa, June 16th. After that she continues on her way over the mountains to the Golden Gate. The friends on the line of the Pacific railroad, who wish a call from Miss Anthony, (and we don't doubt but what every man, woman, and child, including truthful James and Ah Sin, all the way from Council Bluffs to San Francisco is both anxious to hear and see our great itinerant champion), will please give her early notice, and be sure to direct to Rochester, New York.

—A San Domingo correspondent tells the following little incident in relation to a stroll he took in Port au Prince with Mr. Henry Blackwell, the husband of Mrs. Lucy Stone: "We had stopped to procure oranges, when a colored lady by the name of Hamilton, formerly Sarah Jones, invited us to come in and take seats. She came from the United States, and had lived in Cincinnati. She said she knew a little woman by the name of Lucy Stone, who used to wear short dresses and was for woman's rights. I pointed out to her the husband of Lucy Stone, when she fixed her quick, keen gaze upon him and said: 'Do you mean to tell me you are Lucy Stone's husband?' Said Blackwell, 'I am proud to have the honor.' She caught him in a chair, kissed him on one cheek and then on the other, danced around him and screamed with delight. Such an overwhelming demonstration we never saw. It really looked encouraging for the annexation of Hayti."

—The *Times* is out in a very good article on the necessity of a public lending library for this city. It shows that such an institution would add perceptibly to the morality of the ruling classes, viz.: foreigners, and furnish a political safeguard by raising the intelligence of the people. There are large classes of women here who would benefit immensely by such an institution, and nothing now in existence supplies this pressing want; for to quote from the article referred to, "The Astor Library was founded by private munificence, and is under the charge of Trustees, and it may be that they have a right to make it practically useless, as they do, but still there might be a public library, founded by private beneficence, if need be, and it would doubtless have to be, or wait till the millenium is much nearer at hand than now, but for the free use of all who would observe proper rules, lending its books to be used at home, and having its doors open at all reasonable hours."

Our Mail Bag.

HOME QUEEN.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

"Will the extension of woman's duties and responsibilities," asks Scribner, "better fit her to be the queen of home?"

We answer, "Yes;" and while we claim for woman full scope for the development of all her faculties and powers, on the ground of her individuality; while we demand the vote as her natural right, which no law can justly take from her—a right which every government is bound to guarantee to each individual member of it—we labor for the civil and social emancipation of woman, chiefly because we believe that only through it can she become, in very deed, the queen of home.

The essential element of home is love, pure love, founded not on fitful passion, but on true esteem—a love that begets a full confidence and generous forbearance. Without this there is no true home. Homes there may be in abundance, adorned with all that wealth can command, where a man and woman endure each other, and children are fed and clothed; bnt these are no homes, for no atmosphere of love pervades those splendid apartments. She, who should be queen, reigns not there, but in the world of fashion, while the rightful king is a devotee of Mammon.

In consequence of the false and subject position of woman, there are thousands of places, misnamed homes, where Love has never entered, while from thousands of others he has been driven by a tyrant, armed with unrighteous law, which woman's power with the ballot can alone exorcise.

That the present position of woman induces her often to marry without love—even to give her hand to one while her heart is another's—cannot be denied. While our daughters are educated with the idea that they are born solely to be married; while they are trained to no business or profession; while the wages of those who do labor are so small as barely to furnish food and clothing, thousands will enter the marriage relation, not only without any love, but even with a positive dislike to the man whom they tolerate, because he can give a house to live in—a position in fashionable society. Just in proportion as you render woman independent and self-sustaining; as you abrogate the laws which oppress her pecuniarily; as you give her social and political freedom, do you place in her hand the wand which alone can entitle her to the proud name of home queen. As the dependent position of woman leads her often to marry without love, so her subject position tends to drive out from home the love she brings into it.

In so far as you make woman the inferior or subject of man, you detract from her power of loving; nor does the husband truly love the wife whom he deems his inferior, and over whom he exercises authority. He may dote on her as a part of himself—be proud of her as he is of his farm or his horse; but true love toward her he has not. Such love is incompatible with such relations. We do not say there are no happy homes—no loving husbands and wives; we believe there are many such. We only say that the man who claims all the rights, and exercises all the authority that the law allows, soon drives love, and with it happiness, from his hearth-stone. How often are the first sad hours of the young wife occasioned by the difference in tone of the lover and husband! The former, in soft, subdued voice, sued humbly for her favor; the latter, in harsh tones of command, utters his wishes. Why this change? The husband is unaware of it—has no intention of giving pain. It is solely the result of the change in their relations. "She is my wife now. The law has given her to me—body, goods, chattels, *all*—I own her! No one has a right to interfere. I must speak for her, think for her, vote for her." And, all unconsciously to himself, this feeling, implanted in childhood by the knowledge that his sister was an inferior, fostered by public opinion, strengthened by education, confirmed by law, manifests itself in all his bearing, so that she, who fondly thought she was worshipped as an idol, finds she is only commanded as a servant. But, when the husband sees the wife possessing the same political rights as himself; when, by her power through the ballot, she shall have swept from our statutes all those laws that tend to degrade her in his eyes; when she shall stand by his side his equal—not his subject—the feeling of superiority, the temptation to command, is gone. Each, realizing their ideas of liberty and equality, will the more readily accord to the other rights—the more heartily discharge duties; and thus the halo that encircled the lover will shed its mellow light over all the wedded life. When given her rightful place, queen in the realm of home, woman will not care to leave it for the President's chair or the monarch's throne.

Therefore, we would place the ballot in her hands, as one means of elevating her from the rank of subject to her true position, that of home queen.

Truly yours, M. D.

THE EVEN HANDED JUSTICE OF THE TRIBUNE.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

For years past the *Tribune* has arrogated the proud position of Monitor of the Public Morals. It has claimed for itself such profundity and calmness of thought in dealing with grave questions, as should conveniently fit it for its self-assumed task of teacher. Let us see how it has lately dealt with two prominent cases of crime, regarding which those who rely upon this paper for guidance have a right to expect plain speaking in the cause of justice. In its issue of April 25th, we find an editorial on the case of Ruloff, that coolly argues in favor of allowing this man to escape the just punishment of his triple-murders, because of his scholarly attainments, urging this so broadly that we are tempted to believe the article a bit of clumsy satire, until we come here and there upon statements of actual fact that give an air of earnestness to the composition and lead us to the conclusion that this is a sober declaration of the editor's convictions on this matter. In the issue of April 28th, we find another editorial on the case of Mrs. Fair, condemning her in most unmeasured terms, approving her sentence and giving a garbled version of her story as a plea for the justice of her punishment.

Now, we submit that in any view, the Republican Mentor is guilty of reckless wrong in printing those articles. If the editorial on Ruloff was written in a spirit of wanton banter, it ill befits the dignity of the paper to indulge in such levity on such a subject. If on the contrary this monstrous attempt to excuse the crimes of a wretch was penned in sober earnestness, then it is no wonder that red handed crime stalks rampant in our midst, with such a champion in high places. Or again, if the editorial on Ruloff is a joke, is the editorial on Mrs. Fair a joke also? If they are both expressions of opinion, why is such different measure meeted out to the cold blooded man who has committed at least three murders, two of them planned and executed with devilish coolness, the victims being his own wife and child, and the miserable woman who, in a moment of jealous rage, killed the man who had ruined her? But let us compare these two productions in the *Tribune's* own favorite style:

From the Tribune, April, 25, 1871.

"What *shall be done with Ruloff?*"

"In the prison of Binghampton, there is a man waiting death, who is too curious an intellectual problem to be wasted on the gallows."

"His mind has dwelt so fixedly upon this absorbing theme that the usual morbid condition consequent upon too powerful and continued tension has resulted, and the man has gone mad.

"He was driven logically into crime by his love of learning. Crime lost its significance to him.

"Nothing is to be gained by killing him. It would be an absurd and wicked recklessness that would strangle him before his word was said."

From the Tribune, April, 28, 1871.

"*The Story of Laura Fair.*"

"Never were fifty minutes better spent than by the twelve men who in San Francisco, on Wednesday afternoon, decided the guilt of the woman who calls herself Laura Fair.

"The worn out plea of insanity was put forth, but the jury were not impressed with it.

"For career less loathsome Borgia and Brinvilliers are synonyms of womanish atrocity.

"We are no believers in hanging, but so long as that method is adopted as the highest expression of the justice of the age, we see no reason why a rational woman who does deliberate murder, should not suffer the penalty equally with her fellow man."

We have little to add, and no word of defence for either criminal, but we have always admired the rude justice of a certain homely old proverb that says, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and we would respectfully urge its consideration on the philosopher of the *Tribune*.

Truly yours, LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY—PAST AND PRESENT.

MEDINI, MICH., April, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The following article was the spontaneous ebullition of my indignant soul some twelve years since, on hearing that women were refused admission to the State University of Michigan: "It has been well known for some time past, that some twelve women have been knocking for admission to the State University, while ever since its erection all its beneficence has been bestowed on the lordly sex; but, as yet, this pile of stone and mortar is too sacred to be defiled by allowing the girls to come and drink at the fountain of wisdom. They are, doubtless, allowed a seat as spectators on commencement occasions, but "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," is the rule at Ann Arbor. The attempt made by some women to obtain the position of students, called forth the following from the favored students of the Adelphi Society:

"*Resolved*, That the admission of females would lower the standard of scholarship, and destroy the efficiency of the institution; and many of the students, and some of the faculty will withdraw if women be admitted."

Hear, oh, ye women! for the boys have spoken, and in return we have a word of advice to the boys. Most exalted boys! we deeply sympathize with you in that very hu-

miliating ordeal to which you have all been subjected, and which no possible forethought of yours could have prevented, viz.: that of having had *women* for your mothers; but you can congratulate one another in your manly attempts to soar above this humiliating origin, and become more elevated in the scale of being than even the daughter of Crœsus could ever hope to be in her loftiest aspirations. I would as far excel all women as Sirius does the dimmest star of the seventh magnitude. I would never degenerate low enough to form a life-alliance with a woman. No, I would live alone in my lordly dignity, and do as did your kindred bachelor in Burlington, Michigan, build me an observatory, and like him, write over the entrance door of the building. "No female can step her foot over this threshold." Then I would seat myself complacently on the pinnacle of my observatory, with my reflecting telescope in hand, and thank the great Author of all (not as did one of olden time, who thanked God in a conspicuous place, that he was not like other *men*,) but that you are not *women*." These words were penned some twelve years ago; but onward is the watchward of some noble women, and Ann Arbor, of Michigan, like many other institutions of learning is open to all applicants, and still the way opens and brightens. May success attend the right.

Truly yours, M. A. Seymour.

COME OVER AND HELP US.

Alabama, April, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

"The war horse smells the battle from afar."

The contest is raging, victory after victory won, foes subdued, and the armies of the aggressors flushed with success. What more can be said in praise of a faithful band of heroes? What greater encouragement to persevere? In the incipiency of the woman cause, the organs of vision of the most far-seeing were strained to discover the plausibility of such a warfare. Had it not been based upon the soundest reasoning in logic, it would, indeed, seem prophetic.

Since the days of Mary Wollestoncraft, the host has kept marshalling, producing ever and anon leaders worthy of their predecessors, until now they are numbered by the tens, and hastening on to the fifties, and will be ere long, it is hoped, by the hundreds and tens of thousands.

Truth is a mighty leveler—slow, oftentimes in the execution of its work, yet ever to be relied upon—sure, unwavering, forcing itself an unbidden guest where it is not wanted, and establishing itself where least sought for. Conventionalism nor custom, barbarism nor habit, can stay it in its onward course. Bribery nor flattery, ridicule nor sarcasm, threats nor jests, legislation nor proclamation, neither sneers, snubs nor jilts, can fight it off the track; for it "travels only in straight lines."

But the war-trumpet is sounding louder and louder. The hills of the North and East—the valleys of the South, and the plains of the West, have caught up its notes and send the echo back, until almost the whole earth is reverberating with its inspiriting music. Some ears are yet dull, some unfamiliar with the sound, others averse to it, yet all are awakening to the extent of inquiring, "What all this ado is about." It needs now to bring the war to every man and woman's threshold. It is the surest plan of enlisting; it is the shortest route to ultimate conquest. Tracts, periodicals, published works, accomplish much; but personal appeals more. Let us have them in the waste places, as well as on the hills already shining from excess of light. Come veterans, your presence will give strength to the feeble, and confidence to the timid. Come, prepare the way, and lay down the plan, and train the earnest yet inexperienced soldiers in the use of implements of aggression. You have never been beaten, nor killed, nor subdued; then do not fear to venture far from your old campaigning grounds. Come over and help us.

Truly yours, Magnolia.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

When a person makes a mistake, however humiliating the confession of the fact may be, it is due to the public, and to herself, that such an atonement should be made; therefore, as I do not wish to misrepresent anything, I desire to correct a statement which I made in my late article, "Law vs. Justice." In a certain chapter of the statutes of Massachusetts, I found this section, "When a person dies intestate, leaving no issue, his real estate shall descend to his father or mother, etc.;" farther on it says that no previous provision for the widow shall be affected by this chapter, or words to that effect. A gentleman who read my article became interested in the matter, and making, as it seems, a more thorough search than I had done, found a law whereby the widow, there being no children, receives one-half the real estate of her husband. Therefore, I gladly take back that portion of my article, trusting that my error will be pardoned. Yet still remains the manifest injustice of giving the wife only one-third of the property, while the husband, under like conditions, receives the whole. This disgraceful law, I trust, will ere long be wiped from off our statute books. Mrs S. F. S.

MISS ANTHONY'S MUTINY.

A friend sends the following little story from Chicago:

"When we received word that Miss Anthony would be in Chicago the first Saturday in April, the ladies of the Cook County Woman's Franchise Association concluded to give one of their 'grand matinees,' and announce Miss Anthony as the speaker. The necessary preliminaries were satisfactorily arranged; but on Saturday morning, Mrs. Fernando Jones, the President, felt uneasy for fear Miss Anthony had not been announced in the bulletins. Calling her footman to her, she said:

"'John, can you read signs?'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'Well, John, I want you to drive down to Farwell Hall, and read what it says on the bulletin-boards, each side the entrance, and come back immediately and tell me.'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"In due time John returned.

"'Well,' said Mrs. Jones, 'did you read the bulletins at Farwell Hall?'

"'Yes, ma'am, and they said, Susan B. Anthony's Grand Mutiny.'"

GARDENING AS WOMAN'S WORK.

This has long seemed to me an employment in which women would not only gain health and strength, but in which the most modest and retiring might find a congenial occupation, and the products of which are never depreciated because raised by a woman. A peck of peas has a certain market value, not dependent upon the hands which raised them. A woman who works at making pants receives fifty cents a day, not on account of the amount or quality of her work, but because she is a woman. A man engaged upon the same garments receives $2 a day, not because of the amount or quality of his work, but because he is a man. It is doubtless true that, in very many cases, the man does his work better than the woman; but it is not less true that, in a majority of cases, the difference in price grows out of the difference in sex. So of the school. A male teacher receives $1,000 a year, not because his moral influence is better, not because the pupils learn more, but because he is a man. A woman teaches a similar school, and receives $400, not because of the inferiority of her moral influence in the school, not because the pupils learn less, but because she is a woman. Now, happily, all this is avoided in gardening. A man who would sell a beet is not obliged to put on a label, "Raised by a man—ten cents," and upon another, "Raised by a woman—four cents;" but the article brings its market value. This is a great advantage, and one affording a special gratification to women of spirit. Besides, gardening is an occupation requiring very little capital, and, except in the fancy departments, comparatively little training. Near any of the cities a woman can earn more upon a half acre of land, with four months' work, than she can earn by sewing twelve months, saying nothing of the healthfulness of gardening and the unhealthfulness of sewing.

Dio Lewis.

WHY WOMEN ARE NOT MAGNANIMOUS.

What woman in civilized countries mostly want is magnanimity. Men of high minds are constantly disappointed when they find this lack of the magnanimous revealing itself in the character of some woman who otherwise seems so admirable. But men have hitherto, in Europe especially, so shaped and limited the moral training of women as to render magnanimity a virtue of almost impossible attainment. The errors of women are in their degree almost always the common errors of servitude. But there is something more than that. The whole training of women is directed to the culture merely of one virtue. It is not indispensible or even necessary to a woman's honor and repute that she should be truthful, or generous, or beneficient, or brave. She has no need or inducement to cultivate the magnanimous qualities. Society only asks her to be chaste. If you cultivate but one flower, you cannot have a *parterre*. In days not far removed from our own, a man was only called upon to be brave and truthful—he might be as ferocious and voluptuous as he chose; therefore, his common vices were ferocity and profligacy. Women are commonly trained even now to believe that so long as they are "virtuous," it is not requisite that they shall be sincere and magnanimous; therefore, their common defects are insincerity and meanness.—[McCarthy's "Lady Judith."

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning women's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3083, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Pulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1871.

IMPORTANT TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

AN ATTRACTIVE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For 15 Subscribers and			$30,	we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.
" 13	"	"	$24,	a Doty Clothes Wringer. No housewife should be without it.
" 10	"	"	$20,	a splendid bronzed eight-day Clock.
" 10	"	"	$20,	one Dress Pattern, fifteen yards best quality black Alpaca.
" 10	"	"	$20,	a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; something needed in every family.
" 9	"	"	$18,	one dozen Spoons, heavily plated.
" 9	"	"	$18,	one dozen silver plated Forks.
" 9	"	"	$18,	silver plated Teapot.
" 9	"	"	$18,	one dozen Dinner Knives, best quality.
" 7	"	"	$14,	one set of French China, 44 pieces.
" 6	"	"	$12,	silver plated Cake Basket.
" 6	"	"	$12,	" " Butter Dish.
" 5	"	"	$10,	one linen damask Table Cloth.
3	"	"	$6,	one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."
" 3	"	"	$6,	Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."
" 2	"	"	$4,	Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
" 2	"	"	$4,	silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

MISS FLORENCE FREEMAN—AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

FLORENCE, ITALY, April 10th, 1871.

Mr. Jarves, one of the very few American writers on art, who understands the subject upon which he attempts to write, and who has devoted himself to art studies, says there are proofs in our brief history of "innate capacity in the native American for high art," and he cites the names of several of our native painters and sculptors as having developed this fact.

In our country, where museums and galleries, such as are to be found in every third and fourth-rate city in the old world, are unknown even in our largest metropolis, there is very little inducement for our young men and women to devote themselves to art, since they have neither education or stimulus from the study of great works in painting or sculpture, and very little encouragement to adopt art as a profession. Yet, strangely enough, and as a proof that artists, like poets, "are *born*, not made," the number of American sculptors and painters is continually increasing, and this, too, is particularly noticeable among women.

It is an equally singular fact that Italy—that cradle of the arts, and the Mecca toward which all art pilgrims from other lands turn with eager steps—has not among her own children one woman sculptor at the present time.

On the contrary youthful America has sent to the capital of Italy, old Rome, no less than eight of her daughters, some of whom have already won world-wide fame, and all of whom are promising and enthusiastic art students. At one time, Harriet Hosmer, Edmonia Lewis, Emma Stebbins, Florence Freeman, Margaret Foley, Mrs. Freeman, Anna Whitney, and Vinnie Ream, were in Rome together, each working in her own studio, an earnest and conscientious votary of art. Miss Stebbins and Vinnie Ream are no longer in Rome, but the other American women sculptors remain here, hard at work in their arduous profession. Miss Florence Freeman is one of the most promising among the younger of these artists. She has been a hard student for years, but is only just beginning to reap the reward of fame and money, for which all artists have to wait so long, and which, alas! sometimes comes to the struggling genius like a bitter mockery when it seems too late; when life and hope alike are failing him and the honors heaped upon him are like the apples of Sodom, and crumble into ashes in his grasp.

For Miss Freeman we hope better things, though, as yet, she has not found the appreciation which her works really merit, except from a few.

She is a native of Massachusetts, and is one of those delicate, shrinking, and artistic natures, such as Hawthorne painted in his Hilda, that marvellous and truthful portrait of a type of character indigenous to New England, as lovely and as peculiarly its own as the delicate May flower. In fact, "Hilda" is the soubriquet by which this young artist is known among her friends.

The slender, graceful girl, with her fresh and varying color, her short fair hair, under her close black velvet studio cap, is almost as interesting to the visitor as her works.

These works are full of poetic fancy. Her bas-relievos of the Seven Days of the Week, and of the Hours, are most lovely and original in conception. Her sketches of Dante in bas-relief are equally fine.

Her designs for chimney pieces are gems, and in less prosaic days than these, when people were not satisfied with the work of mechanics, but demanded artistic designs in the commonest household articles, they would have made her famous. But Benvenuto Cellini would starve in this nineteenth century, and the artists whose long-buried works in Pompeii, lamps, cups, and other everyday utensils, show the taste of the people as much as the skill of the artificers if, like their works, they were to revisit this world, would find their "occupation gone," and their only proper place a *museum*.

Miss Freeman has one life-sized statue, suggested by Longfellow's Hiawatha, the musician Chibiados, he stands in an easy unconstrained position, and holds a simple, reed like flute in his hand. This statue is not yet finished, but it is sufficiently advanced to show that it will be as graceful and original a work as the poem which suggested it.

Still another of Miss Freeman's works we owe to a poem by Longfellow. It is a bust called Sandalphon, and is a most exquisite creation. The poem it illustrates, although one of Longfellow's best, is not so well known as many of his earlier lyrics, and we therefore quote the following stanzas which suggested this charming bust:

SANDALPHON.

"Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air?
Have you read it—the marvellous story—
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory—
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How erect at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial, he waits
With his feet on the ladder of light:
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered,
Alone in the desert at night?

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow;
Among the dead angels the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below.

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands—
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed."

Mr. Longfellow owns the first copy of this head of Sandalphon, and he may congratulate himself in possessing one of the purest and most exquisite ideal busts it has ever been our good fortune to see.

Another lovely statuette called, "Thekla and The Tangled Skein," is a little girl sitting patiently at work on a troublesome bunch of yarn, with a half-puzzled, half-hopeful expression on her childish face. It was drawn from the following paragraph in the "Schonburgh Cotta Family:"

"I began, too, to confide once more in God, and I was comforted by thinking of what my grandmother said to me one day, when I was a little girl, crying hopelessly over a tangled skein and sobbing, 'I shall never untangle it; 'Wind, dear child; wind on, inch by inch, undo each knot one by one, and the skein will soon disentangle itself.' So I resolved to wind on my little thread of life, day by day, and undo one little knot after another until now, indeed, the skein disentangled itself."

But we cannot linger to catalogue the works of this promising young artist, especially as *descriptions* of statues and bas-relievos are absolutely incapable of giving any just idea of those works of art.

The first things in sculpture which Miss Freeman ever saw, were two busts made by Miss Hosmer, which were exhibited in Boston, and which she and her mother went to visit together. Instantaneously she felt that she, too, could be a sculptor; but so little did she know of art and its methods, that she supposed a bust must be made out of a block of marble, and with a chisel. She had never so much as heard of the preparatory process of modeling in clay. She told her mother of her wishes, and they set about the means of carrying out her plans. They went to the shop of a statuary, where they learned that clay was first used in making busts, and the young girl having procured her material went home and modeled a head, crude, but full of genius.

Soon after, she went to Greenough, the sculptor, as a pupil. He encouraged her, and soon gave her a small figure of the Venus di Milo, to copy. In this, and in copying his statue of Franklin, she succeeded so well that her master set her other and more ambitious tasks, and not long after she came abroad to study with Powers in Florence.

Both Greenough and Powers encouraged and assisted the young girl in her art studies; for it is a well-known fact that the greater the men in literature, art, or any other department of labor, the more ready are they to aid those who are beginning a similar career.

It is only mean souls and ignoble natures who would put hindrances in the way of aspirants in any direction.

Those two great sculptors recognized Miss Freeman's genius, and were ever ready to lend her a helping hand.

For some years past she has had a studio in Rome, and is pursuing her work unaided by a master. Gradually she is beginning to be known and appreciated, and we hope she may soon have the success which her genius and her patient study so richly deserves.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

Just as we send THE REVOLUTION on its weekly rounds the forces of the woman suffragists are marshalling for the May anniversaries.

The American Society holds a mass meeting on the 10th inst., at Steinway Hall, which will be immediately followed on the 11th and 12th by the Convention at Apollo Hall, 28th street and Broadway, called by the National Suffrage Committee, of Washington.

The two gatherings of advocates will not clash as to time, and those who are convicted at one, can stay and be converted at the other. Apollo and Steinway Halls, taken conjointly, will probably command nearly all the stars of the first magnitude, from various parts of the country. They will gather from the North, South, East, and West; and we feel qualified in forecasting an enthusiastic and representative occasion.

Let believers attend to have their faith kindled anew, and non-believers to hear and judge for themselves what manner of doctrine it is that these men and women proclaim.

If people decide against us after a full and candid investigation of the subject, hearing and examining for themselves, we can respect their conclusions, believing them to be founded on something that any rate looks like reason; but it is a patent fact that most of the opposition we encounter is a baseless prejudice—an unfounded dread of change and innovation.

We, therefore, especially urge all intelligent and thinking people, who must certainly be prepared to acknowledge that the woman question is the great question of the hour, to attend this series of meetings, and listen critically to the speeches.

The social and political rights of the sex can no longer be put aside with a sneer. The magnitude which the subject has attained, at least demands respect and attention from all awake to the great issues of the age.

The principal subject of discussion at Apollo Hall will be the right of women to vote under the fourteenth amendment, claiming that the Constitution now gives them all they ask for, and urging practical efforts to secure their rights by registration, the presentation of votes on election days, etc. The speakers at Steinway Hall will, as we understand, urge the enfranchisement of women as an act of political justice, and a great advance step in the progress of the age. Therefore, if one set of speakers allow any threads of argument to dangle at loose ends, the other will be pretty sure to take them up and give them all needful attention.

Thousands, all over the land, are more interested in suffrage itself than the road by which it is to be reached. They will gladly go through the door of the fourteenth amendment to their rights, or they will thankfully take them from the different state legislatures, or by means of a sixteenth amendment. There is the fruit which belongs to us beyond the hedge, but how shall the hedge be broken down? We, for our part, expect that much light will be thrown on this vexed subject of ways and means by the conventions now assembling, and we therefore say to all who crave instruction and enlightenment, come to the councils of these wise and sagacious men and women; come, friends, half converts or whole skeptics. Come early; come every time, and listen, and weigh all you hear.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE BEFORE THE COURTS.

Wendell Phillips, not long since, in the *National Standard*, said substantially that the claims of women to the franchise under the fourteenth amendment, was too good a handle for agitation to be risked by a speedy contest in the courts. An adverse decision would destroy its value as a new means of attack, and the danger of putting the matter to proof in advance of public opinion, would almost inevitably result in an abortive and fruitless effort.

The woman suffragists of Washington have begun a test suit to establish their right of suffrage, under the amended constitution, and were it likely to be brought to a hasty conclusion but little could be hoped for it other than what Mr. Phillips has predicted. But, with all due dispatch, we are informed that the case, which has been brought in the United States Circuit Court, cannot be reached before next November, and should it be brought to a speedy decision, an appeal would be taken to the Supreme Court. Once in the meshes of that tribunal it might not be reached in years, consequently, the action is not premature, and public sentiment will probably have ample time—provided we wait for the verdict—to grow into knowledge of and sympathy with the rights and demands of the progressive women of the land.

One of the principal advantages accruing from the action of the ladies at Washington, is the proof it offers to unbelievers, that earnest, high-minded, intelligent women, free from the mania for notoriety, or any desire to make themselves conspicuous, do earnestly desire the ballot, and are willing to spend their money, and put forth all needful effort for the establishment of their political rights.

These women believe they are entitled to vote under the Constitution, and it is therefore eminently consistent that they should make a strong, firm, and united effort, to secure practically what they claim is already theirs by right.

The case must prove interesting to all the friends of suffrage, whether they hold the same opinions regarding the Constitution or not, and as yet, it is impossible to predict just what bearing it may have upon the future of the cause.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION,

Under the Auspices of the National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee, Washington, D. C.

The question of the constitutional right of women to citizenship and suffrage, having become, in its political and legal relations, a question of great and immediate importance, a Convention for its discussion will be held in the city of New York, on the 11th and 12th days of May next, at Apollo Hall, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. Distinguished and able speakers, both men and women, will take part in the discussions. There is at the present time a demand in both political parties for new and vital issues, affording, therefore, a special opportunity for this question to assert its claims as a political one upon the attention of the whole country. Every man and woman, who believes in a truly Republican form of government, is urgently invited to attend the Convention.

In behalf of the Committee.

ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER,
President.

Friendly papers please copy.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

Mr. James Parton has written an admirable letter to the *Public School Journal*, which, for the benefit and instruction of mothers, we should like to transfer bodily to our columns; but limited space will only allow us to give a few of the most striking passages. Parents must sooner or later awake to the fact that they are themselves, through ignorance and insane ambition for display, assisting at the ruin of their children's bodies and brains. Mr. Parton says:

> No people need reminding of the physical conditions of welfare so much as we do. Upon the shores of this continent, land, every year, thousands of parents who, in their youth, had no opportunity of getting knowledge. But, catching soon the spirit of their new country, and perceiving the power which comes of the possession of knowledge, they resolve that their children shall have the advantages of education at any cost. It is a most commendable resolution; and yet such parents, ignorant of the laws of health, and without experience of their own in the acquisition of knowledge, are almost sure to urge their children to an injurious excess of mental labor. All around me I see lovely children who are victims of their parents' unenlightened ambition. At school from nine to two or three; then, perhaps, piano and dancing till dark; and in the evening study till nine or ten. What a massacre of the innocents is this! Even on Sunday they have no rest. What is rest to a schoolboy? It is *not* to go to school.
>
> Nothing saves some children from utter destruction but their ceaseless rebellion against our murderous requirements. They will not sit still in ill-ventilated rooms! They will not learn those long lessons out of school! They will not coax excuses and holidays from their mothers. We compel them to disobey and misbehave, in order to save their lives.

—Miss Anna E. Dickinson is *not* going to England this summer, as has been reported, either to lecture or for any other purpose. She is likely to spend the summer with Boston friends in Canada. Miss Kate Field goes to England, with her mother, in May, but not on a lecturing tour.

THE CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

The tendency, both in this country and Europe, is to erect separate and distinct schools of the highest grade for women. This would be a most promising sign of the times, were it not that, in the first place, these separate colleges, law-schools, and academies, are unnatural, and that, in the second place, they are altogether unnecessary.

We should infinitely prefer to see the effort expended in this direction, used to force open the stubborn doors of colleges already established, and to give access to the impatient feet of the girls of America, who have so long been kept waiting out in the cold.

One of the principal reasons against building separate and distinct colleges, and professional schools for women, is that at first, according to a well-known rule, they would have to struggle for life, and in this way precious years would be lost. The oldest institutions are the best, from the simple fact that they have had time to take root, and spread their branches, gathering beneath their shade genius, culture, and scholarship. These common centres of learning should offer all needful advantages for both men and women. We, therefore, look upon the effort to establish separate colleges for our sex as altogether needless, and an immense waste of moral and material force.

If women must be penned off in a separate school, why should they be allowed to sit with men in the same church? The mischief of reciting together in classes cannot be much greater than sitting side by side in one meeting-house, uniting their voices in sacred songs, and listening to the homelies of the parson. Scarcely any good and cogent reason can be brought against the co-education of the sexes, and numerous reasons at once offer themselves on the other side. Wherever the experiment has been tried, at the University of Michigan, Oberlin College, and Alfred University, the happiest results have been observed to follow both in respect to the morals of the school itself, and those of the town where it happened to be situated. Alfred Centre may be called a model village. It is free from rum shops. Its streets are not defiled by intoxicated or roystering students. The shameful practice of "hazing" is unknown, and a most salutary species of emulation has sprung up between the different classes of scholars. The same can be said of Oberlin, and whatever the condition of Ann Arbor was before the admission of female students to its University, it certainly has not deteriorated owing to that fact.

All that can be urged in regard to colleges, can be brought to bear with equal force on professional schools. The moment the doors of well established male institutions can be pried open by an enlightened public opinion, that moment the separate schools of the same kind should find their excuse for existence gone. We would say from earnest convictions when the co-education of the sexes is once fully established, let not another dime be given to create or perpetuate distinct schools for girls.

God meant that boys and girls should be brought up together when he set the solitary in families. Why should they be put asunder at the very period when they can the most healthfully stimulate and inspire each other? Perhaps boys need more the refining, softening influence of girls, and girls, on the other hand, suffer for want of the intellectual awakening which strife with their brothers, in the race of scholarship, would give. We believe the separation which now exists to be in the highest degree hurtful and subversive of the true ends of education for both sexes, and trust that the drift of enlighted ideas will soon turn strongly towards the one rational system of instruction.

TAKE COURAGE.

There are moments in every reform when the heart faints and the courage dies, and all that has been done in the past seems futile—a mere tying with ropes of sand, and all that must be done in the future impossible. The hands are bound, the feet are fettered, the head is sick, the heart is faint. Offenses arise; there are heart-burnings, divisions, and strifes. Mistakes are made, and the engine of progress is reversed, and the hand goes back upon the dial, and all that was built with so much toil and sweat, with pain and blood, and tears, seems crumbling again into chaos.

Moreover, people come into the work who are thought to do it harm, and others take the name to further individual, selfish ends, and float their own private craft, of whatever nature it may happen to be. Now, this is the history of every reform since the world began, and while people are in harness, battling for the recognition of principles, contending with the malice and meanness, lies and scoffs of open enemies, and worse still with the foes of their own household, having an interior position, and a somewhat circumscribed view, it is impossible for them to appreciate fully the grandeur of truth, which can live, grow, flourish, spread, broaden, and deepen, under all these accumulated disadvantages, not to say disasters.

The toughness and tenacity of life, which a principle manifests, is the one unfailing sign of its necessity and inevitableness. The mighty oak tree in the forest is made what it it is by wrestling with the storm, and the truth is built up by its seeming defeats.

No bloodless reform has ever more powerfully excited the passions, or arrayed against it the prejudices of the multitude than our own. People every now and then cry out that it has cut its own throat, or been slaughtered from without, that it is moribund, decrepit, on its last legs, dead, or dying; but the next week or the next month, it is as lusty and strong as ever—like a young giant refreshed by slumber.

We all remember the dark days of the late Slave-holder's Rebellion, when weak-kneed brethren and sisters asserted frantically that everything was going to destruction at railroad speed. There was cause for amazement at the want of moral courage—the little sustained enthusiasm in the vitality of principle, of right and justice then manifested. There is never occasion for discouragement in this or any other necessary work. Principles are sure to win every time. God makes no mistakes in His calculations. Organizations may split, or go to pieces from very weakness, individuals may fail like broken reeds, but the cause is unconquerable, resting where it always has rested, and always will rest, on the buttresses of justice and right.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

The women of England are jubilant over the gain in the House of Commons, indicated by the vote taken last Wednesday, on Mr. Jacob Bright's bill, enfranchising women. When it was moved for a second reading there was a majority of sixty-nine against the bill, but some of the influential men that gave entire or partial adherence to the measure, show how large and important a step has been taken in advance since last year.

Mr. Jacob Bright sustained the bill by an able speech, going over the whole question, and was followed by Mr. Gladstone, who appears to be almost persuaded of the justice of Mr. Bright's position, for, although he said he was not prepared to vote for the bill in its present shape, he declared himself ready to sustain a careful measure for the same object, and expressed a preference for the Italian idea of female suffrage, founded on property, but exercised by proxy. He did not wish to involve womanhood in the trying scenes and turbulent excitement of elections.

Lord John Manners, member for North Leicestershire, was puzzled to discover the grounds of Mr. Gladstone's opposition, and said that scenes at the elections were easily avoided by the same means as have already enabled the members of the universities to vote. Mr. Beresford Hope, member for Cambridge University, opposed the extension of suffrage to females as an "outrage on womanhood." Mr. Playfair, member for Edinburgh and St. Andrews Universities, spoke in favor of woman suffrage.

Mr. Bouverie, member for Kilmarnock, spoke in opposition to the measure, repeating the hackneyed objections which have already been worn threadbare.

This free and animated discussion of the subject, among so many prominent political leaders, is very encouraging as a sign of growing interest, and the women of England with their noble champion, John Stuart Mill, at their head, in spite of the defeat last Wedesday, feel confident of speedy success.

BUGBEARS.

The old geographers relate with refreshing *naivete*, stories of mysterious lands where "men's heads do grow beneath their shoulders." The Captain Cooks and Dr. Livingstones of the modern world, have exorcised the bugbears of Hakluyt; but those monstrous creations of suspicion and fear still people the realms of progress.

The most frightful bogey that haunts our own reform is expressed by the term free love. Timid souls, of both sexes, who else would join hands with our work, shrink back lest they should become implicated with the accursed thing, and unwittingly help to loosen the marriage knot, or undermine the foundations of domestic life.

We want to convince these people that no such thing as free love exists as the adjunct or ally of woman's rights. The assertion that it does adds a peculiarly acrid quality to the editor's ink, and enables the parson now and then to scare his congregation through the agency of a sensational sermon.

The lie travels side by side with the truth, equally as fast, and as well equipped, it would seem, but we know that the truth has a tenac-

ity of life which the lie lacks; that it is tougher in the fibre, and stronger in the grain, and will outlast the old enemy, so we let the lie alone, except when goaded by some peculiar piece of exasperation, as now, at the hue-in-cry over Mrs. Fair and her so-called sympathizers, into an indignant protest.

It has never been proved that the free love principles of any advocate of woman's rights were developed by that advocacy, any more than by his or her political opinions or religious belief. The supporters of every variety of theological tenet are to be found in our ranks. Why not attribute with equal justice the social theories of exceptional people to the effects of Methodism, Presbyterianism, or the Baptist faith, as to woman's rights? Brigham Young claims divine guidance, and the sanction of religion for his practices, and almost every social monstrosity and abomination of the age is founded on some form or other of religious fanaticism; but religion escapes from the stigma, and it lies the heavier where it does not belong.

The blameless lives of the foremost workers in this cause should put their reckless defamers to the blush. When asked what woman's rights can do we will point to these, who are no less distinguished for their public benefactions than their private walk; no less to be honored for what they have done abroad, than for what they are doing at home; no better orators, writers, and philanthropists, than wives, mothers, and friends.

This bugbear, which haunts our path, will be dispelled when light is admitted sufficient to show that the aim and object of this reform is to bind woman more closely to her moral obligations, rather than to cut her loose from the law of right. To give her a better understanding of the nature of duty in its highest sense, rather than to license sin; to make her acquainted with her sacred responsibilities rather than offer the smallest pretext for a riot of the passions. The shameful libels of our enemies will die in their throats, when it is known incontestably that purity, loyalty, fidelity, are inscribed on our banners.

Miscellany.

MOTES.

BY HELEN M. HOWARD.

It is pretty generally conceded that the little worries and frets of ordinary life, the little, nibbling vexations and annoyances that come along, from day to day, plant most of the wrinkles in blooming cheeks, and sap the freshness and vivacity of many sobered people grown gray and care-worn before their time. The motes in the sunshine, if there are enough of them, will spoil the golden daylight, and the truth is, we have a great deal more to do with motes than with beams. Great calamities and trials do not occur many times in the course of existence, and glaring defects of character are not very common; but there are scores of people who are, in the main, well-meaning and kind, and yet who do not study to make themselves pleasant to those with whom they are most intimately associated. They have little tempers, habits and peculiarities scarcely worth mentioning individually, and yet which, in the aggregate, plant sharp prickles and burrs all along the path we have to tread, in no case too smooth and easy.

Multitudes of people suffer daily, hourly, from offences committed against their standard of taste. No one of the little sins committed is worth mentioning; in fact, we feel ourselves lowered by deigning to take notice of such a trifle; but, nevertheless, it leaves its sting and distils its drop of bitterness.

There is an incalculable amount of sensitiv ness in the world. Some of it is the result of morbidity, and some of it springs from an excess of vanity and self-consciousness; but, nevertheless, here it is, like a sore toe, ready to get hit every time blundering, clumsy people come along. Perhaps it is not an absolute duty to study every little sensitive point in a friend's nature. Some of them may be probed to the great advantage of the person operated upon, and, in a spirit of genuine kindness; others are irradicable—they run clear through the warp and woof of character, and it is sheer cruelty to be always sticking pins and needles into them.

The business of sticking pins and needles into tender places isn't half so often carried on through malice as through a desire to raise a laugh and point a joke. It is impossible to estimate how much pain has been inflicted by persons gifted with the doubtful talent of making smart speeches. Like little George Washington, in the famous old story, they are intrusted with a small, sharp hatchet, and the temptation to hack is generally too strong to wait for considerations of what it is right and proper to hack, or what really deserves hacking.

Girls and boys, in the hobble-de-hoy stage of verdency and awkwardness, not knowing what to do with hands and feet, and feeling like fish out of water in the society of their critical elders, often have their faults and peculiarities aggravated by ill-considered words uttered unconsciously, as if those young beings were destitute of the sense of hearing and of human feelings capable of being hurt. How bitter a valley of humiliation this period of life is, all those of us who remember growing inches over night, which we did not in the morning know what to do with, except to be ashamed of, can testify!

It is easy to recall how the motes grew into beams in those days, and how many bitter, unavailing tears they caused, and how much we stood in need of a wise, considerate, elder friend, who would have looked upon the gaucherie of that unfortunate period as upon teething, or any other inevitable season of pains and penalties. Cases are not uncommon where the awkwardness has become chronic and life-lasting, because shame of it was so deeply impressed upon the mind in those wretched days, when motherly and sisterly sympathy is too often alienated, and when it is most in demand.

A perfectly healthy being, with a sound head, matched by a stomach which never reports progress, cannot, by any possibility, understand the torture which motes inflict upon nervous people. Nervousness is considered scarcely a reputable ailment, and why so considered opens rather a curious field of inquiry. All disease may be, perhaps is, to a certain extent immoral; and the aureole of martyrdom should be ruthlessly stripped away from the brows of those—by no means a small class—who pet their ailments for purely selfish purposes. But why, among the actual woes which flesh is heir to, well outlined diseases of the nerves should not rank as high in the scale of respectability as pulmonary complaints, or disorders of the liver, still remains a mystery. Although the sympathy be scant in such cases, the suffering is terribly real. Its namelessness, and the difficulty of describing it, isolates the tortured one and shuts him up in a well of pain no friendly plummet ever sounds.

There are such sufferers, scores of them, who are put through inquisitorial pains, every day they live, by coarse, blundering, clumsy ways. Their husbands, brothers, or whosoever may be very good, well-meaning people; but they have no more softness or intuitive sense of the needs of a semi-invalid condition than a Choctaw Indian. They bang the doors, and stamp across the floor in creaking boots. They rustle the newspaper the whole evening long, or else lie on the sofa and snore through a protracted nap, and then wake up and declare they never were known to snore in the whole course of their lives. They throw the coal hod upon the fire as if they were pitching quoits, and rub the tidies off the chairs, and fuss and fidget about, stumbling over foot-stools, and pulling down window shades, until their victims are nearly wild.

These are little things that cannot well be spoken about between kindred, or the closest friends. You do not wish to offend the amiable savage by telling him of all the motes you see in his eye. It is better to endure in silence, for after all they are but the merest trifles, and yet they go far towards spoiling what otherwise would be a delightful relationship.

There are men possessed of such great annual vigor, within doors they resemble a bull let loose in a china shop, and it is safe to conclude that they were either motherless or neglected in their youth. You can scarcely begin too soon to teach boys that a different code of manners prevails in the house from that which governs the street, to instruct them how to open a door and how to shut it; how to sit upon a chair without smashing it in pieces, and how to respect all the niceties of a lady's parlor. These little hints, given early, go to help make up the outward guise of a comfortable companion and friend. To some they are intuitive; but most big, lubberly men, were big, lubberly boys, for the want of home culture and mother training. There are no marks of innate refinement, or the want of it, more striking than tones of voice. The most apparent charm of many charming people is a warm, sympathetic mode of speaking, a pure, sweet accent, that turns the commonest words to pearls and diamonds. On the other hand, hard, coarse voices and incorrect modes of utterance are always rasping. Conversational tone and accent are matters of education too much neglected, even among so-called educated people. The fact that a man calls how, heow, and has a nasal twang, may be of very little consequence to him financially, but it will determine his grade among cultivated human beings, and torture some ears he would rather not torture.

These little matters do not touch the ground work of character, probity, honor, justice, truth, for very excellent Christians do snuffle, but they work out in daily life their own small problem of joy and sorrow, and if there be anybody so fortunate as not to have a beam in his eye, let him pull out the motes also, nor think a trifling habit too trifling to correct if it causes annoyance to another.

GRACE GREENWOOD, in an admirable letter to Horace Greeley on the woman question, meets some of the great agriculturist's positions as follows:

"I sincerely hope, my dear sir, you will be able to raise your proposed Amazonian army of "one hundred thousand scientific, skilful, thoroughly qualified cooks." Cookery is an excellent calling, and sorely needs recruits; still I cannot see in it a very tempting opening for the exceptional woman of talent and ambition. You don't offer bounty enough in the way of wages. Then, the great cooks of the world are, and always have been, *men*. We humbly yield the point of your supremacy in this science, as in the highest walks of dramatic literature. You have Shakespeare and you have Soyer. Dumas is as great in the *cuisine* as in the study. I doubt not Mr. Greeley can turn from dashing off a leader to concocting a chowder, and that the two products of his genius will be alike masterly. I doubt not that he could serve up a pudding and an anti-protectionist, with sauces equally hot and spicy, and do a duck as brown as a Democrat.

"Now, my dear Mr. Greeley, could there be such an amazing American product as a female Soyer, would you rather that one of those beloved daughters of whom you speak should be that queen of cooks, than to see her a second Portia, an eloquent advocate, able to stand before judge and jury, with countenance modest yet unabashed, there to defend some poor sister in peril of her life, or to denounce the despoiler of women's innocence and peace, the desecrater of a happy home, with somewhat of the power and more than the pathos of a Curran? Ah! would you not, if such a thing were possible, sooner have her worthily succeed her father as a great journalist, as a fearless champion of social and political reform, as a quickener of noble, healthful thought, an inciter to brave living for thousands of her young countrymen and countrywomen, than to know that she could cook a potato like St. Bridget herself, than to have her name to a soup of unimagined deliciousness and untritiousness?"

Special Notices.

A SINGLE trial will convince the most skeptical of the efficacy of HELMBOLD'S GRAPE PILLS in sick or Nervous Headache, Jaundice, Indigestion, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Liver Complaints, General Debility, &c. No nausea, no griping pains, but mild, pleasant and safe in operation. Children take them with impunity. They are the best and most reliable. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA creates new, fresh and healthy blood, beautifies the Complexion, and imparts a youthful appearance, dispelling Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches and all eruptions of the skin.

AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.—Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. No mother who has ever tried it will consent to let her child pass through this critical period without the aid of this invaluable preparation. Gives rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child. Cures wind colic, and regulates the bowels.

WHAT MOTHERS' SAY.—The keen parental instinct is sharper in its perceptions than the tutored brain of the philosopher; therefore, when Mother's say, as they universally do, that there is nothing like *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar* for the coughs, colds, hoarseness and croupy symptoms to which children, from their imprudence, are especially subject, no man who understands human nature will discredit their testimony. For sale at all drug stores at 50 cents and $1. Great saving by buying large size.

From the *American Journal of Pharmacy*, May, 1865, edited by Wm. Proctor, Jr., Professor of Pharmacy, in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

"Will the Fluid Extract go out of use owing to the high price, or can we have some authoritative modification of the formulas by which we can make them at a more reasonable cost?"

"If the latter, shall the change be in the quality of the menstruum, or in the manner of applying it, so as to reduce the quantity requisite? Can there be a convocation of the Committee of Revision to authorize some new method or modification of the present recipes?"

With regard to the contemplated change in the quantity, or in the menstruum itself, in the preparation of fluid extracts, I would take occasion to say that in medicine the health of the patient is the great object to be gained.

The cost of the material is something, but when put into the scale with human health, and often human life, it is hardly worthy of consideration at all. My Buchu (Helmbold's) will continue to be made as formerly, and if it cannot be maintained at present prices, they will have to be advanced to meet the advance in the price of material. To such as desire quantity instead of quality we would say that water is a cheap commodity, and may be readily added by the person using the medicine if he desires to do so.

H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist and Chemist,
594 Broadway, N. Y. City.

WANTED — AGENTS for Liberal Papers and Books, of good address and perseverance. Apply, P. M. KELSEY, 319 W. 26th st.

PHONOGRAPHY.

Instruction given in Munson's System of Short-Hand. Full Course, Twenty Lessons. Address
J. M. C.,
408 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn.

DR. O'LEARY commences a course of popular lectures on the *Laws of Life, Health, Strength and Beauty*, at Apollo Hall, MONDAY EVENING, May 15, illustrated with his unrivaled collection of manikins, specimens, &c., by all odds the finest ever exhibited in this country. These lectures are of special interest to ladies, to wives and mothers, and to the young of both sexes, as they teach in an interesting manner how to preserve health and beauty of body to good old age. Admission to first lecture free. Dr. O'LEARY will not be at his office, No. 11 Clinton Place, till May 13.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION—the only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations from the skin.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York. Sold by *Druggists everywhere*. 1m may4

EVERY LADY HER OWN GLOVE CLEANER.

Send One Dollar and a postage stamp, for the best known method, which cannot fail if the directions are strictly followed. It makes soiled Kid Gloves equal to new, not injuring the most delicate colors, and leaving no unpleasant odor. Reliable references given, if required, before money is sent. Address

MRS. SOUTH,
Care of the "Chicago Magazine of Fashion."
Chicago, Ill.

THE MIRROR,
(*Y Drych*,)
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
The Recognized National Organ of the Welsh People of the United States.
PUBLISHED BY J. MATHER JONES,
UTICA, N. Y.

THE MIRROR, now in its 21st year, has a large and growing circulation in the States of Maine, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas and California—its circulation extending, more or less, into every State in the Union. As an advertising medium through which to communicate with the thousands who speak and read the Welsh language, it is more valuable than any other paper in the United States.

HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S
GRAPE PILL.
GRAPE PILL.
HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S
EXTRACT
SARSAPARILLA.
EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.
EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

APRIL, MAY AND JUNE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

In these months
HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA
Cures all Eruptions of the Skin.
HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA
Cures the worst form of Blood Diseases.
HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA
Enters heavily into the Circulation of the Blood.
HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA
Beautifies the Complexion.

All Powders and outward applications destroy the skin, rendering it harsh and coarse. Look at the skin of old maids and those that have used such any length of time. My advice is to discontinue them and use
HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.
One bottle is equal in strength to one gallon of the Syrups or Decoctions as usually made; and a wine glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated
LISBON DIET DRINK. TRY IT THIS WAY.
A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
A pleasant, safe and agreeable cathartic.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
Used in all affections where a purgative medicine is needed.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
Harmless to a child and taken by children.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
Supersedes Magnesia, Salts and every other purgative.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
Certain in effect and pleasant in operation.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILL
is not a patented pill.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS
Are composed of Catawba Grape Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb.

How to proceed in the
Spring and Summer months
to insure new life, new blood, new vigor:
Purchase two bottles of HELMBOLD'S SARSAPARILLA and one box of PILLS—worth their weight in gold.

No better investment can be made for so small a sum.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
Has acquired a world-wide fame.

All of my preparations are meritorious. A period of twenty years has proved this to be the case.

See remarks made by Benjamin Travers, F. R. C. S. Speaking of those diseases, and diseases arising from the excess of mercury, he states that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordinary, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic, with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken, and yet so irritable as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.

See REMARKS of the GREAT CHEMISTS AND PILL MEN OF AMERICA:

WM. R. WARNER & CO.,
15 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

H. T. HELMBOLD, Esteemed Friend: I congratulate you on having the handsomest, and, at the same time, the MOST EFFECTIVE PILL that I have ever known for the purposes intended.
WM. R. WARNER & CO.

H.T. HELMBOLD will remark in conclusion that his Remedies are the result of long and careful study. The Fluid Extracts have been before the public twenty years; the sale of them in that time proves their value. All have been benefited by them who followed my instructions, and to day they stand UNEQUALLED in the extent of their sale and UNSURPASSED by any Medicament in the Dispensatory of the United States, not excepting a single HERB, ROOT, PLANT, or scientific preparation.

Pharmaceutical I claim all mine to be and have never patented a single one.

ALL STAND ON THEIR MERITS.

The Pill I have thought of offering to the afflicted for ten years.

They are now perfect, and I shall stake my time, money and fame on their effectiveness. The inviting style in which the Pill itself is made, the bottle, label, wrapper—all show with what care they have been prepared. After examination, no English or French preparation will show greater care, and I am really proud of them.

Instead of the nauseous-looking, carelessly-prepared Pills vended generally and put up in wooden boxes, and made generally or offered by those having no experience as physicians, druggists or manufacturers of medicines. Test the medicine offered by your obedient servant,

H. T. HELMBOLD,

Crystal Palace Drug Store, 594 Broadway, New York. Palace Pharmacy, Gilsey House, Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, New York, Temple of Pharmacy, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, and No. 104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia.

HOW TO EARN A FEW DOLLARS—WORK FOR WOMEN.—Are the times hard? Is money scarce? Would you like a new Dress? a new Bonnet? Gloves? Or do you want a new Piano? a Melodeon? a Library of choice Books? a new Sewing Machine? a new Carpet? a set of Furniture? Well, if you are smart, you can earn one or all of these things without interfering seriously with your ordinary domestic duties. How? The answer will be promptly given on receipt of your address, with stamp, by S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Young ladies, wives of Clergymen, of Physicians, Teachers in Schools, Seminaries and Sunday Schools, may apply. No capital required. 2t a27

SOMETHING NEW!

FOR EVERYBODY.

A Useful, Easy and Lucrative Employment for All, Old and Young, Male and Female.

THIS employment will not interfere with your other business, let that be what it may. No capital is required to engage in this business. It requires no traveling or peddling, but gives the comforts of a home, with a chance to make from $50 to $200 per month. This is no receipt of any kind, or agency, but is something *entirely new*, and is highly recommended to *all persons* who desire a *permanent, money-making* and genteel employment. No person will ever regret sending for this information, let their business be what it may. *We guarantee satisfaction in every case.* The information we offer, when once in the possession of a person, will be a source of constant income, and will be invaluable during life, without extra expense. To any person who, after sending for the information, shall feel dissatisfied, or that we have misrepresented, we will send TWO DOLLARS for their trouble. There is positively *no humbug or deception* in these statements. We would not make false statements to the public; there is nothing gained in the end by deceit. During our connection with this business, we are not aware of a single case in which any one has found reason to accuse us of any other course of conduct than the one we have invariably pursued—that of fair, upright and honorable dealing. We will, upon receipt of ONE DOLLAR by mail, send, by return mail, full instructions in regard to the business. *All money forwarded by mail is carefully sealed letters at our risk.* Address,

B. GARDINER & CO.,
P. O. Box 2181. PORTLAND, ME.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

This is the season to cultivate, strengthen and increase the growth of the hair. Modern chemistry has satisfied the anxious world that

CHEVALIER'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR

contains the only nutritious substance known in the vegetable world for restoring grey hair, stop its falling and increasing its growth. Sold by all Druggists.

$1.000 REWARD

For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that DE BING'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles and nothing else, and has cured cases of over twenty years' standing.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.00.

VIA FUGA.

DE BING'S VIA FUGA is the pure juices of Barks, Herbs, Roots, and Berries, for

CONSUMPTION.

Inflammation of the Lungs; all Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Organic Weakness, Female Afflictions, General Debility, and all complaints of the Urinary Organs, in Male or Female, producing Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Gravel, Dropsy, and Scrofula, which most generally terminate in Consumptive Decline. It purifies and enriches the Blood, the Billiary, Glandular and Secretive System; corrects and strengthens the Nervous and Muscular Forces. It acts like a charm on weak, nervous and debilitated females, both young and old. None should be without it. Sold everywhere. Price $1.00. LABORATORY—142 Franklin street, Baltimore, Md. o6 1y

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—An exhaustive argument in favor of the emancipation of woman from the bondage of unjust marriage legislation. By C. L. James, of Louisiana, Mo.
For sale by the author at 25c.

TO LET AT REASONABLE RATES—First class office furnished in elegant style, a few doors from Fulton Ferry. Apply at THE REVOLUTION office, No. 11 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

FINE MILLENERY.

MME. BENTLEY, 14 FULTON AVENUE,
Has received from Paris, Brussels and London, beautiful Bonnets in dressed chips, the new "Frou-Frou," and the Chessi Braids, elegant Flowers, Bridal Wreaths, &c. The elite are invited.

C. E. BURDICK & CO.,

(Successor to WALTER LOOCKWOOD.),

255 FULTON STREET.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER

DRESS GOODS,

BLACK SILKS, JAPANESE SILKS,

SILK AND WOOL LYONS POPLINS,
In stripes and checks.

SILK AND WOOL BRILLIANTES, SILK AND WOOL SULTANAS.

Fantasias, Serges, Mohairs, Wash Poplins, Plaid Serges, Plaid Poplins, Figured Poplins, Fancy Striped Grenadines, Silk and Wool Black Iron Grenadines, White Pique, Printed Pique, English Prints, Printed Percales.

Table Damask, Towels, Linens, &c., &c., at very low prices. 1 m

HART BROTHERS,

247 FULTON STREET,

KEEP ALWAYS

The largest stock of

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

to be found in the City, at

VERY LOW PRICES.

HART BROTHERS,
247 Fulton Street,
1y BROOKLYN.

BANKRUPT.—FROM AUCTION.—Thirty Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Watches, full jeweled, detached lever movements, good time pieces, and in perfect running order; $23 each; usual price $40. Sent C. O. D. Privilege to examine.

F. J. NASH,
697 Broadway, New York.

"We have been shown the above goods, and believe them fully equal to the recommendations of the advertisement."—*Christian Advocate.*

"All that Mr. Nash says may be relied upon."—*Christian at Work.*

"Certainly cheap, and the quality reliable."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

OVINGTON BROTHERS,

245, 248, 250 AND 252 FULTON STREET,

BROOKLYN.

We invite the attention of the citizens of New York and Brooklyn to our large and well selected stock of Goods, feeling satisfied that no larger or better assortment can be found in the country, while our prices shall always be as low as the lowest.

FRENCH CHINA DECORATED DINNER SETS,
comprising over 100 varieties.

ENGLISH DECORATED DINNER SETS,
of the latest patterns.

BOHEMIAN AND DOMESTIC GLASS WARE,
Plain, and richly cut and engraved in sets or by the dozen.

MANTEL AND ETAGERE ORNAMENTS,
Real and French Bronzes, Clocks, Bisque and Parian Statuary, Bohemian and China Wares, Vienna Gilt Goods, &c., &c.

SILVER PLATED GOODS AND TABLE CUTLERY,
From the best manufacturers only.

BEST WHITE PARISIAN GRANITE AND FRENCH CHINA.

A FINE VARIETY OF MAJOLICA GOODS, &c., &c.

OVINGTON BROTHERS.
m18.

BABY CARRIAGES,

In the greatest variety of style and finish, and at any desired price, can be obtained at 508 Broadway, N. Y.

MESSRS. COLBY BROS. & CO.

have on exhibition at their warerooms more than 80 different kinds and qualities, varying in price from $35 to $100 each; all of their own manufacture, which they offer at lowest possible prices at retail. This is the Bazar of New York for

CHILDREN'S FINE CARRIAGES,

and every mother should see to it that her little ones are provided with a *nice turn-out* at these low prices, and that it is used on every one of these beautiful spring days. Remember the place,

508 BROADWAY,
tf (opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.)

CARPETS.

THEO. W. BALEY & SONS,
COURT ST., COR. STATE,
Three blocks from City Hall, BROOKLYN
Dealers in all kinds of
CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS, DRUGGETS, MATS, RUGS, &c., &c.
m. 30 6 m

W. & H. MUMFORD,

UPHOLSTERY,

PAPER HANGINGS,

AND

BEDDING WAREHOUSE,

New Building, 390 & 392 Fulton St.,
Near Smith Street.

We are now opening our Spring Stock of
LACE, NOTTINGHAM and SWISS CURTAINS,
LINENS, CRETONNE CHINTZ,
And TWILLS for slip covers
FURNITURE COVERINGS,
GILT and WALNUT CORNICES,
PLAIN WHITE and BORDERED WINDOW SHADES.
With Spring Rollers.
New designs in
LAMBREQUINS,
TRIMMINGS,
And every article in the UPHOLSTERY line
Our large stock of
PAPER HANGINGS,
Combine all the new styles at the lowest cash prices.
LACE CURTAINS cleaned by our NEW and IMPROVED process. NO ACIDS USED.
m 30. m3

STEREOSCOPES,

VIEWS, ALBUMS, CHROMOS, FRAMES.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 BROADWAY, New York,
Invite the attention of the trade to their extensive assortment of the above goods, of *their own publication, manufacture and importation.*

Also,
PHOTO LANTERN SLIDES and *GRAPHOSCOPES.*

NEW VIEWS OF YOSEMITE.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
No. 591 BROADWAY,
Opposite Metropolitan Hotel, NEW YORK.
Importers and manufacturers of
PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c. to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address

E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.

THE TROPHY TOMATO.

HEADQUARTERS SEED,

Twenty-fourth year of careful selection.

(BUY NO OTHER.)

One Hundred Dollars Premium for the Largest Tomato Grown in 1871.

Price per packet (about 100 seeds), 25 cents; five packets, $1.00. Address

GEO. E. WARING, JR.,
OGDEN FARM,
NEWPORT, R. I. m2

ROBERT G. ANDERSON,
CONFECTIONER,
250 and 252 FULTON STREET.

Special attention paid to the furnishing of

Wedding Parties and Evening Entertainments.

NATURAL FLOWERS.

Bride's Cake Handsomely Ornamented.
Also all kinds of Plain and Fancy Cakes.

Ice Cream and Ices in Fancy or Plain Forms, with the different flavors.

19 6m ROBERT G. ANDERSON.

ARMSTRONG & BLACKLIN,
Importers of
EUROPEAN FANCY GOODS,
Clocks, Bronzes, Vases, Statuettes, Marble Pedestals, &c.

OUR GAS FIXTURE DEPARTMENT is complete, with a large and beautiful assortment of GILT, GLASS, AND BRONZE CHANDELIERS, with every variety of

Globes, Porcelain, and Mica Shades, Shades for Wax Flowers, &c.

No. 223 Fulton Street,
And Court street, cor. of Union.

N. B.—Plumbing and Gas Fitting done in all its branches.

jan 19 3m.

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH

Use that old and well-tried remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,

Which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain-corrects acidity and wind colic, and by giving the infant quiet, natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
For Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Is pleasant to take.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Is perfectly safe.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Soothes the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Gives rest to the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Gives rest to the Mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Sold by all Druggists.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—A Review of the Injustice of our Existing Marriage Legislation, by C. L. JAMES.

For sale by the Author, Louisiana, Mo. d8

THE BROOKLYN UNION
BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
Cor. Fulton and Front Sts., Brooklyn.
Plain and Ornamental Work in Every Style.
ESTIMATES CAREFULLY PREPARED.

A—NOTHING

So enhances the beauty of a lady as a pretty shaped foot, and it depends as much on a good fitting boot as on the foot itself. By calling at

MANSFIELD'S, 301 Fulton Street,

The ladies can find among the Spring styles from New York, just the kind of boot to show off their feet to advantage.

BLANK BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.
FRANCIS & LOUTREL.
45 Maiden Lane.

All kinds of first-class Account Books, Paper and Stationery for business, professional and private use, at moderate prices. Job Printing, Engraving, Lithographic Work, and Book Binding of every style.

Please call, or send your orders.

C. H. RIVERS' DANCING ACADEMY,
175 STATE, CORNER OF COURT ST.,
Brooklyn.

All the FASHIONABLE DANCES TAUGHT in ONE QUARTER. The Classes are so arranged that beginners can commence at any time.

Soirees and Matinees Free to Pupils.

For Terms and Hours of Instruction, send for a Circular. o20 6m

---

CATHARINE DE MEDICIS AND HER TIMES.

Miss Virginia F. Townsend, the widely known authoress, has recently entered the lecture-field.

The subject, "Catharine de Medicis and her Times," covering, as it does, one of the most interesting eras of modern history, has been listened to with breathless delight by her audiences.

This lecture is no dry, historic essay. Although it has been prepared with the greatest care and fidelity to facts, the grand actors in the great drama become real and living personages, as they move past under the magic of the speaker's eloquence.

Miss Townsend has worked out a series of history, pictures felicitous for color and life; and among these are Philip the Second, and William of Orange, and Mary Stuart, and Queen Elizabeth, and Jeanne D'Albret, and Margaret of Valois, and other figures of immortal men and women who did their work for good or evil in the long tragedy of those times.

Lyceum Committees or others desirous of hearing Miss Townsend can obtain full information by addressing her at the office of The Revolution.

AGENTS! READ THIS!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 PER WEEK and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new wonderful inventions. Address, M. WAGNER & CO.,
d8 3m Marshall, Mich.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL JOURNAL.

A NEWSPAPER FOR TEACHERS, SCHOLARS, PARENTS, AND EVERYBODY INTERESTED IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

It will contain each week the proceedings of the Board of Education, and also of the Local Boards; the "Roll of Merit" comprising the names of the boys and girls in the Public Schools of New York, Brooklyn and vicinity, who stand at the head of their respective classes; articles from the pens of the leading educators and school officials; all the personal news and items of interest connected with our Public Schools, and a careful selection of all information pertaining to Public Education.

No Teacher or Scholar should fail to read the "Public School Journal."

Subscription, $2.50 per year; Single copies 5 cents.
Published by STOUT & COUGHLIN,
119 Nassau Street, Room 2,
New York.

NEW INVENTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH—Without plates or clasps—can be inserted without extracting any decayed teeth or stumps, by which means will preserve your natural expression which is generally disfigured after your teeth or stumps are extracted; the roots made inoffensive, and warranted never to ache. The most painful decayed teeth and stumps restored by filling and building up with oroplastic to original shape and color without pain. My motto is preservation, and not extraction. All operations warranted. Thousands of testimonials can be seen at the inventors, DR. S. B. SIGESMOND, Surgeon-Dentist to the Woman's Hospital, No. 63 EAST NINTH STREET, near Broadway, late of Union Square. o20

The Illustrated Excelsior Magazine.

Has been reduced from $2.50 to $1.00, and is now *One of th cheapest in the world.* The illustrations *alone* are perhaps worth more than the cost, and the beautiful *Steel Engraving* of Evangeline, postage etc., being sent, is *given.* Size of paper on which the steel engraving is printed is 2 feet by 19 inches. The Magazine contains *Stories, Pictures, Puzzles, Music, A Lady's Department,* with illustrations of ladies' patterns; a *Youth's Department,* &c., &c.

I hereby specially offer the Magazine for *one year;* also this splendid *Steel Engraving,* for the regular subscription price, $1.00, and 8 cts. for postage and packing of engraving on roller. Sample copy 10 cts. Address the Publisher, C. L. Van Allen, 171 Broadway, New York.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the *Pills* with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by *Ayer's Pills*, and stimulated into action. Thus incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings**, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression**, a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Ladies',

Misses' and Childrens'

GYPSIES, ROUND, RUSTIC and SHADE HATS a Speciality. STRAW HATS made to match suits in any shape desired. FINE FEATHERS, FRENCH FLOWERS, RIBBONS, GROSS GRAIN SILKS and VELVETS ON BIAS, &c., &c.

BALCH, PRICE & CO.,

(Late Bigelow & Co.),

195 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

m. 80 3 m

LADY CANVASSERS WANTED TO sell a fine, new Religious Picture.

Apply to J. MORRIS,

200 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

ANNA KIMBALL, M. D.

(CLAIRVOYANT,)

Office Hours, 9 A. M. until 5 P. M.

Residence 639, Sixth Avenue,

Corner Forty-second St.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR THE

COLBY WRINGER

WITH

MOULTON'S PATENT INDESTRUCTIBLE ROLLS.

Nothing sells so well as articles that are needed in families, and nothing is needed more than a good Clothes Wringer, and there is none so cheap or good as the Colby, or that will pay the canvasser so well. Extraordinary liberal inducements offered and territory guaranteed by certificate. For descriptive circular and terms, address

COLBY BROS. & CO.,

tf 508 Broadway, New York.

FREDERICK LOESER,

291 FULTON STREET.

We open on

MONDAY, the 16th inst.,

The first portion of our Spring importations of

FRENCH RIBBONS,

In all the desirable Millinery and Sash widths, comprising the richest qualities in

FAILLE,

TAFFETA,

ROMAN REPS,

AND TARTANS.

In all the various clans.

We have also in port, and will exhibit in a few days, a magnificent collection of the finest Coventry make of

BROCHE TARTANS,

After the new original designs of

Mr. SCOTT ADDIE, of London.

These goods are exactly the same as have been prepared for a leading London house, for the Court trade of the approaching season, and special attention is therefore invited.

FREDERICK LOESER,

291 FULTON STREET.

We have purchased, for cash, of the Nottingham Manufacturing Co. (limited), five cases of

ENGLISH HOSIERY,

on the bases of 63 cents on the dollar, which we shall offer for sale on

MONDAY NEXT,

THE 6TH INST., 6TH INST., 6TH INST.

They comprise 165 dozen

CHILDREN'S FULL REGULAR WHITE COTTON HOSE, AT 25 CTS. PER PAIR.

144 dozen LADIES' GENUINE IRON-FRAME HOSE, At 25 cts. per pair.

110 dozen EXTRA LONG ENGLISH HOSE, 38 cts. per pair.

118 dozen EXTRA LONG ENGLISH HOSE, very fine, At 42 cts. per pair.

82 dozen LADIES' BALBRIGGAN EMBROIDERED HOSE, at 37 cts. per pair.

ALSO,

303 pieces BLACK GUIPIRE LACE, in five different patterns, at 90 cts. per yard.

We invite special attention to the above article, as we guarantee that the above announcement of their purchase at 63 cents on the dollar is entirely correct.

FREDERICK LOESER,

291 Fulton Street,

We offer a rich

FRENCH TWIST FRINGE

At 50c. per yard

also,

A line of NARROW BLACK GIMP HEADINGS at 25c. per yard, about half their actual value.

WANTED—AGENTS, ($30.00 PER DAY) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock-stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing-Machine in the market. Address, JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. sep15 1y

---

READ THIS!

The Lowest Price List ever Published of

WATCHES,

In Solid Gold and Coin Silver Cases Only.

BENEDICTS' TIME WATCH.

PRICES.

Silver Watch, Ovington Benedict	$ 30.00
Gold (18 k.)	90.00
Silver Watch, Samuel W. Benedict	45.00
Gold (18 kt.)	108.00

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCHES.

PRICES.

Coin Silver Hunting Watches	$15.00
Gold Hunting Watches, Gent's Sizes	72.50
Gold Hunting Watches, Ladies' Sizes	75.00

Sent to all parts of the country by express, with privilege to examine before paying.

Send for a Price List, and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,

JEWELERS AND KEEPERS OF THE CITY TIME

691 Broadway, New York,

Near Fourth street. ap27

E. W. NICHOLS,

Nos. 212 and 214

FULTON STREET,

Cor. Pineapple, BROOKLYN

Dealer in

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

SILVER-PLATED WARE,

FIRE IRONS AND STANDS, FINE TEA TRAYS,

Table and Pocket Cutlery,

Fancy Coal Vases and Hods, Fine Bird Cages.

FEATHER DUSTERS,

Carriage Jacks and Stable Pails,

CHAMOIS SKINS AND SPONGES.

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

Together with a full assortment of

KITCHEN FURNITURE & COOKING UTENSILS.

o20 1y

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE — FREE FROM — PURELY — DR. WALKER'S — CALIFORNIA — ALCOHOL — CURE — VINEGAR BITTERS

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & Co., Druggists and Gen. Ag'ts, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 & 34 Commerce St. N. Y.

MILLIONS Bear Testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

They are not a vile **Fancy Drink,** Made of **Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors,** doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, **free from all Alcoholic Stimulants.** They are the **GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and A LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE,** a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these **Bitters** have been most successful. **Such Diseases** are caused by **Vitiated Blood,** which is generally produced by derangement of the **Digestive Organs.**

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequaled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, California, and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York

---

SUSAN M. SMITH, M. D.

343 PEARL STREET, BROOKLYN.

OFFICE HOURS—From 9 to 11 A.M.
2 to 5 P.M. o20 my9

AGENTS WANTED—($225 A MONTH by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO. sep22 26t

---

BRADBURY PIANO.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

WAREROOMS—427 BROOME ST., N. Y.

A Liberal Discount to Ministers, Colleges, Teachers and Schools.

F. G. SMITH & CO.,
(Sucessor to WM. B. BRADBURY.)
F. G. SMITH. H. T. McCOUN

THE NEW

FAMILY SEWING MACHINE!

294 BOWERY **EMPIRE.** 294 BOWERY

THE extraordinary success of their new and improved manufacturing Machines for light or heavy work has induced the EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE Co. to manufacture a NEW FAMILY MACHINE of the same style and construction, with additional ornamentation, making it equal in beauty and finish with other Family Machines, whereas in usefulness, it far outstrips all competitors. The price of this ow acknowledged necessary article comes within reach of every class; and the Company is prepared to offer the most liberal inducements to buyers, dealers, and agents. Apply for Circulars and Samples to E. S. M. COMPANY, 294 BOWERY, N. Y.

S. B. JONES,

276 *Fulton Street, Brooklyn.*

Magnificent stock of

LADIES' TRIMMINGS IN FRINGES,

GIMPS, GUIPURE LACE, SATINS,

BUTTONS, &c.

The completest assortment of

FINE FRENCH RIBBONS

to be found in the city.

ALL THE NEW SHADES IN ALL WIDTHS TO MATCH.

FINE REAL LACE GOODS,

FLOWERS AND FEATHERS.

STANDARD SMALL WARES in full assortment.

ATTENTION.

We OPEN THIS DAY a stock of the most elegant Victoria Cord Ladies' Slippers in colors, ever presented to the public, at prices unsurpassed, viz.: One dollar per pair; former price one dollar and fifty cents. Call and secure a pair.

MANSFIELD'S,
301 Fulton Street.

PH. DIEFFENBACH-TRUCHSESS AND DR. F. BRAUNEIS, DENTISTS,
No. 389 CANAL STREET,
sep1 26t New York.

FREE—OUR "BUSINESS GUIDE," $10 a day to male or female, or $5,000 a year condi tionally. Send 2 stamps for postage. d29 3m
REVIEW PUBLISHING CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

FIVE TO TEN DOLLARS PER DAY.—Men, women, boys and girls who engage in our new business make from $5 TO $10 PER DAY in their own localities. Full particulars and instructions sent free by mail. Those in need of permanent, profitable work, should address at once. GEORGE STINSO & Co., Portland, Maine.

THEA-NECTAR
IS A PURE
BLACK TEA,
with the *Green Tea Flavor.* Warranted to suit all tastes. *For sale everywhere.* And for sale wholesale only by the GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA Co., 8 Church St., New York. P. O. Box 5506. *Send for Thea-Nectar Circular.*

COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION

Originated the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas and extract Teeth absolutely *without* Pain. Headquarters, 19 Cooper Union. tf

---

CHARLES E. SMITH,

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS, GOLD AND SILVER MOUNTED WALKING CANES ON HAND, ALSO ORNAMENTED TO ORDER.

REPARING DONE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Old No. 158, New No. 170 Fulton Street.
m. 30. 6 m

DOCTOR PIERCE'S
ALT. EXT. OF
Golden Medical Discovery

CURES DISEASES OF THE
THROAT, LUNGS, LIVER & BLOOD.

In the wonderful medicine to which the afflicted are above pointed for relief, the discoverer believes he has combined *in harmony* more of Nature's most sovereign curative properties, which God has instilled into the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick, than were ever before combined in one medicine. The evidence of this fact is found in the great variety of most obstinate diseases which it has been found to conquer. In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs,** and the early stages of **Consumption,** it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. While it cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and **purifies the blood.** By its great and thorough blood purifying properties, it cures all **Humors** from the worst **Scrofula** to a common **Blotch, Pimple or Eruption.** Mercurial disease, Mineral Poisons, and their effects are eradicated, and vigorous health and a sound constitution established. **Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin,** in short, all the numerous diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver** or **"Biliousness."** In many cases of **"Liver Complaint"** only part of these symtoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy. For the cure of **Habitual Constipation** of the Bowels it is a never failing remedy, and those who have used it for this purpose are loud in its praise.

The proprietor offers $1,000 reward for a medicine that will equal it for the cure of all the diseases for which it is recommended.

Sold by druggists at $1 per bottle. Prepared by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Sole Proprietor, at his Chemical Laboratory, 133 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send your address for a pamphlet.